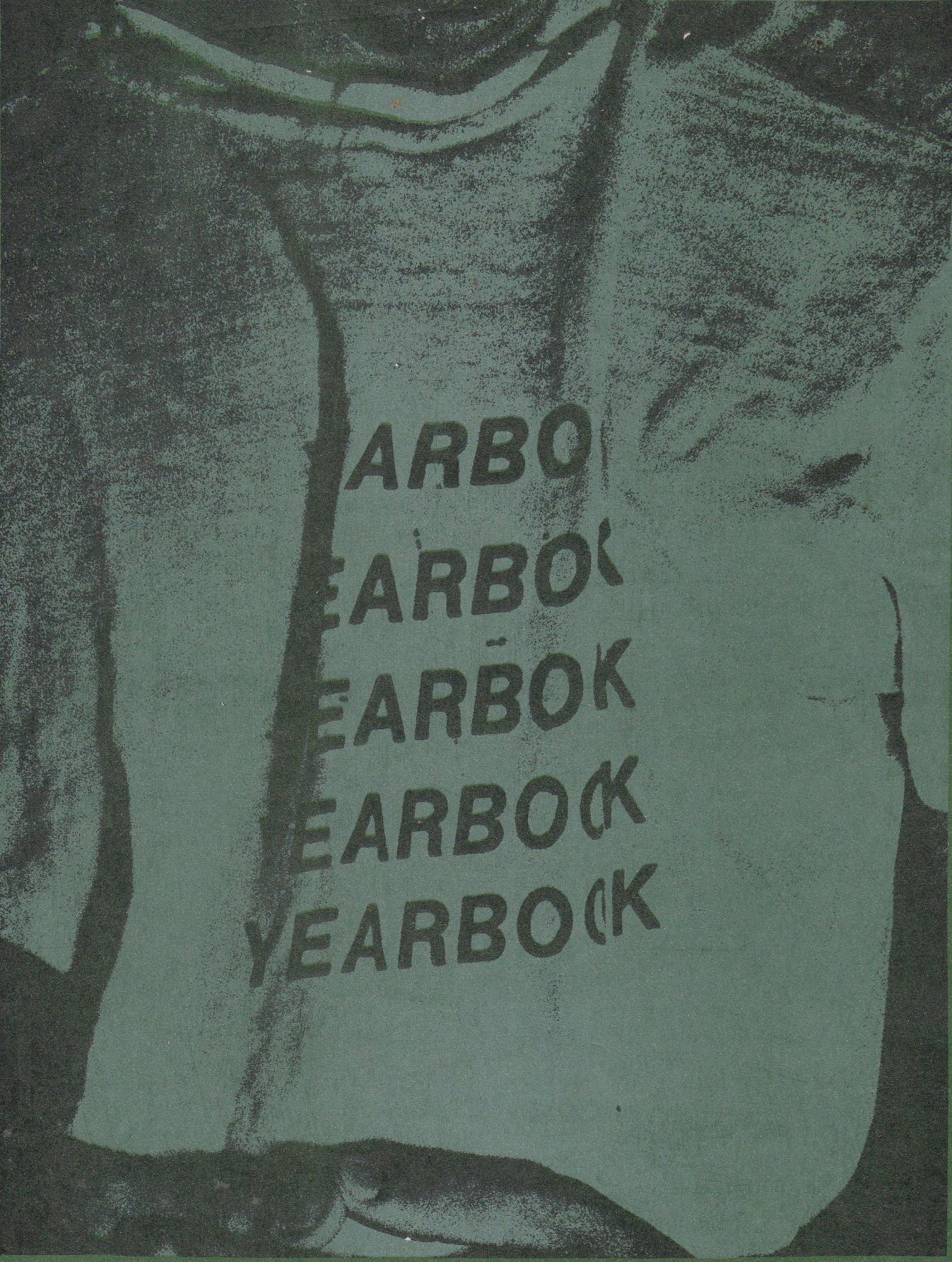
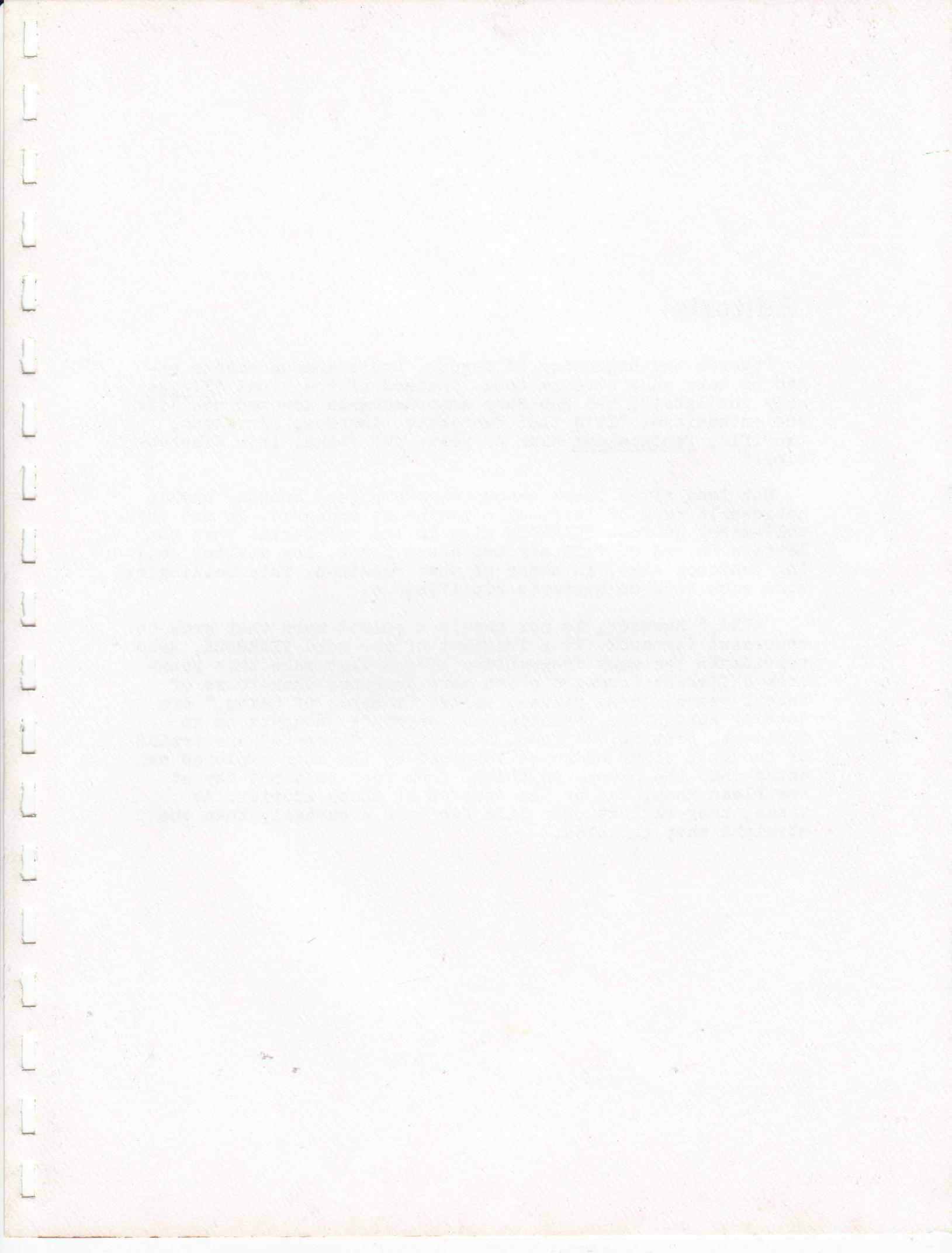


1981



ARBO
EARBO
EARBOK
YEARBOOK
YEARBOOK

-ARBO-



Editorial

Towards the beginning of August, Lou's announcements began to take on a strange tone. Instead of the usual "Please help collate!", the Pub Shop announcements assumed new life and enthusiasm. "It's that fantastic, amazing, marvelous, terrific, fantabulous time of year--yes folks, it's Yearbook time!"

Not long after these announcements began, another highly noticeable mark of Yearbook's imminency appeared. It was the obligatory 30-foot YEARBOOK sign in the cafeteria. When the letters YE and OK fell off two hours later, Lou started calling Yearbook ARBO, in honor of what remained. This meaningless word soon took on historic significance.

"ARBO," however, is not merely a coined word that grew to represent Yearbook. As a fragment of the word YEARBOOK, Arbo represents the many fragmentary pieces that make this yearbook different from-and often more personal than-those of recent years. These pieces, called "moments of being," are totally subjective, relating one person's thoughts on an incident, setting, or mood. Since these "moments" are trains of thought, other memories inspired by the mood explored can enter into the piece. Anything, from feet to a hot day at the Fleen Shop, can be the subject of these stories. At times, they reflect camp life far more accurately than the straight shop articles.

This is our yearbook. It's not a tourist attraction for prospective campers and their parents, because when they come here, they'll create their own summers. Arbo is summer 1981, a collection of thoughts on anything and everything in camp. Outsiders might not laugh recalling a disastrous play rehearsal or cry when reading a poem about leaving newfound friends, but the campers involved will.

This yearbook is imperfect because of our own imperfections. Although we may find it hard to admit, we're not as mature as we pretend to be. Here, we're surrounded by people just a little older or younger than ourselves, and suddenly we're aware of the smallest differences between years. As we grow, our points of view on the importance of certain relationships and activities change. In Arbo, we can see camp life through the eyes of people about to enter high school, and then through those of students completing their final year.

Now, as the summer draws to a close, we see everyone running around, trying to finish their projects before Festival. At the stage, dress rehearsals for "Strange Bedfellows" are beginning. At Pub, machines buzz wildly as six Gestetners run at once, in a struggle to finish printing Yearbook before the 17th. All this effort is for us, so we can have a tangible memory of summer 1981. To us, no matter how haphazard and confusing Arbo might be, it's the only statement we can make about our time here.

After all, it's not easy being green.

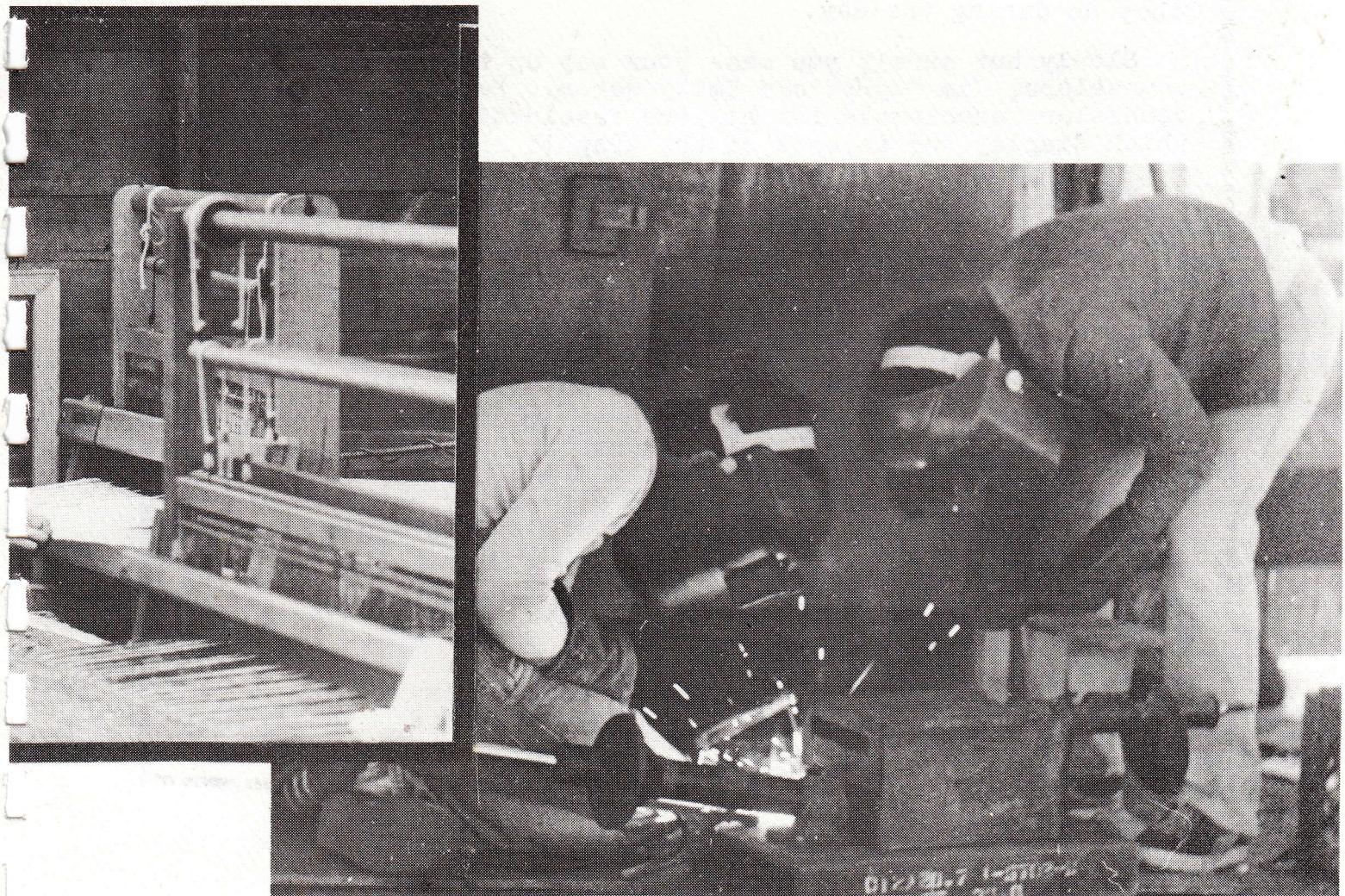
-Jennifer Fleissner
Howard A. Fischer



One afternoon, when it was too hot to be active, yet too close to the end of camp to be wasting a few hours at the waterhole, I left the bunk and walked past the dining hall to the shops area. I saw:

1. A serious-looking boy with a tall but wobbly pot, wailing for help. He was using much more clay than he could handle. It was cut off the wheel promptly.
2. A pair of jewelled hands delicately shaping a piece of wire into a ring with round-nosed pliers.
3. A girl trying on the skirt she thought she would never finish.
4. A freckled boy yawning as he printed the stationery he was obliged to print for his family.
5. A girl biting her lip in chagrin as she painted her silk scarf where it was not supposed to be painted.
6. A thin boy setting an eccentrically-shaped piece of wood (a sculpture, I assumed) on a shelf.
7. People inhaling an overwhelming smell of turpentine as budding painters rushed to clean their brushes.

-- B.K.



JIM'S PLACE

As you walk down past Pub, and down past Sculpture, you find yourself at "Jim's Place". Yes, we're talking about the amazing -- the exciting -- Art Shop.

When you wander in, you are greeted by many smiling strangers who call themselves CITs. The friendly CITs are always ready and willing to help you out in any way possible. Their assistance ranges from stretching a canvas, to finding a tool, to bringing out important ideas for a painting.

Inching your way through the brilliant display of colors, shapes, and designs of various types, you meet up with the J.C.s who check your brushes, invite you on the Art Shop Trips, help correct mistakes, give you ideas, and tell you which CIT to bother. The J.C.s can also be found at evening Art classes, showing just as much energy and enthusiasm as they do during the day.

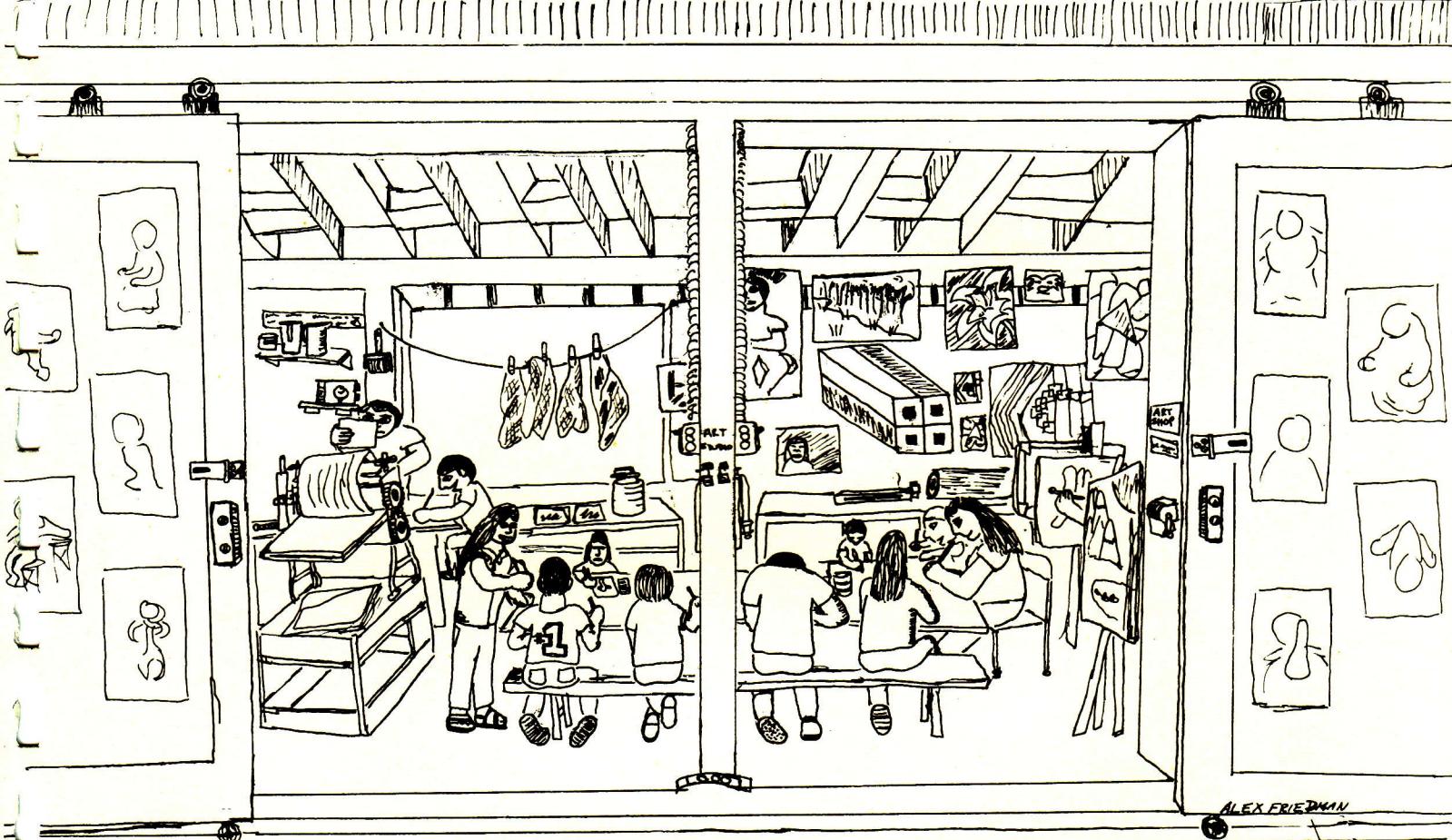
Slowly but surely you make your way up to the two fabulous counselors, Jim Dupree and Emily Gabor. Emily is the counselor responsible for all the fascinating etchings which display the talents of the graphic artists at the shop.

Finally, when you reach the back corner of the shop, you will come across a man who goes by the name of Jim Dupree. Jim, who is often a little odd but very funny, is a talented artist and teacher. He is capable of understanding any kind of feeling you may have towards your work and dealing with it properly. Many campers would be lost without his constant guidance.

As we leave "Jim's Place", we give credit for our newly-found talent to the fantastic art staff: Robert Deutsch, Jenny Epstein, Alex Friedman, Ricky Simner, Danny Cohen, Marcia Bernstein, Emily Gabor, and especially our favorite lunatic, Jim Dupree. Without them, Buck's Rock would be a less colorful place.

Liz Janovsky
Nancy Khafif

THE ART SHOP



ALEX FRIEDMAN-ART-SHOP

THE POT SHOP

Amid campers kicking wheels and hand-building things, I stand in the Pot Shop wondering what to do. Finally, I take a huge chunk of clay out of the bin and furiously wedge it. Finding a wheel, I slam the clay into the middle and center it. After raising the walls to heights unknown to mankind, I shape the nearly formed pot. A mosquito lands on my nose. As I try to swat it away the pot wobbles and collapses. I cut it off the wheel and try again.

Finally I've made a pot! After trimming it, it is put in the bisque kiln. Now I get to glaze it. I stick my arm in the bucket of glaze, thus covering my arm and clothing. I dunk my pot in the purple onion and place it on the shelf.

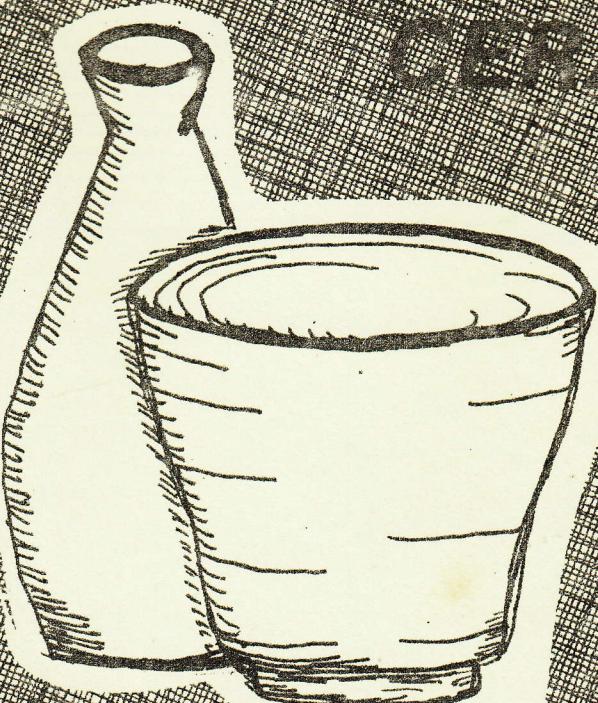
It is the day of the reduction firing. I can't wait to see it. Look, here comes a counselor. What do you mean my pot is stuck on the kiln shelf??

Time to start again.

By Julie Simon

by Julie
Simon

CERAMICS



Cold hands
remembering
to stay
even
and steady
as they
center
and shape
and raise
the clay.

By Dave Horowitz

As camp started, I had a decision to make. Which shop? I looked around in the different shops. After a minute of looking into the Ceramics Shop I remembered my fun days as a child splashing around in the mud. As my "moment of memories" passed, I went to look for a counselor. In the back of the shop I found Jill paddling the life out of a beautiful porcelain pot. Since Jill was busy, I went to look for another counselor. I found Leslie. She showed me how to throw. At the end of the "lesson," I came out with a pot that any good potter would scrap. I practiced and practiced and practiced some more. Finally, the day that I was to throw porcelain came. It was fun, but felt like the cream cheese I had on my bagel that morning. The best part about the porcelain is that you can give it to Jill so she can have some fun paddling. Just as I turned around to leave, a counselor talked me into hand-building something. I took a crack at it, and so did my clay. I spent a half hour smoothing the clay. One of my pots had dried so I trimmed it. It was fun watching the curly-Q's come off of the bottom of my pot. I then put on a very thick greenish liquid wondering what color my pot would be in the end. The next day I came back looking for a greenish pot. My pot came out a reddish-brown. I couldn't figure out how that had happened. It was like the kiln was magical. I wondered about this for the rest of the summer.



BATIK

by Derek M. Saunders

Of all the art forms, batik has been one of my favorite. I have found that it allows me to take a simple drawing and transform it into a spectacular wallhanging. Of course not all my batiks turn out great; a couple worthy of being floor mats have been bestowed upon me.

The Batik Shop has a very conducive atmosphere for creative people. Some of my best ideas come from watching people around the shop and their actions. The staff, Barbara Fialkoff, Kathryn Brown, Maura Jurgrau and George Summer, especially help to create this special atmosphere. They all enjoy music so there is usually some kind of music on. I was dumbfounded the first time I saw half the people in the shop dancing around like a bunch of maniacs.

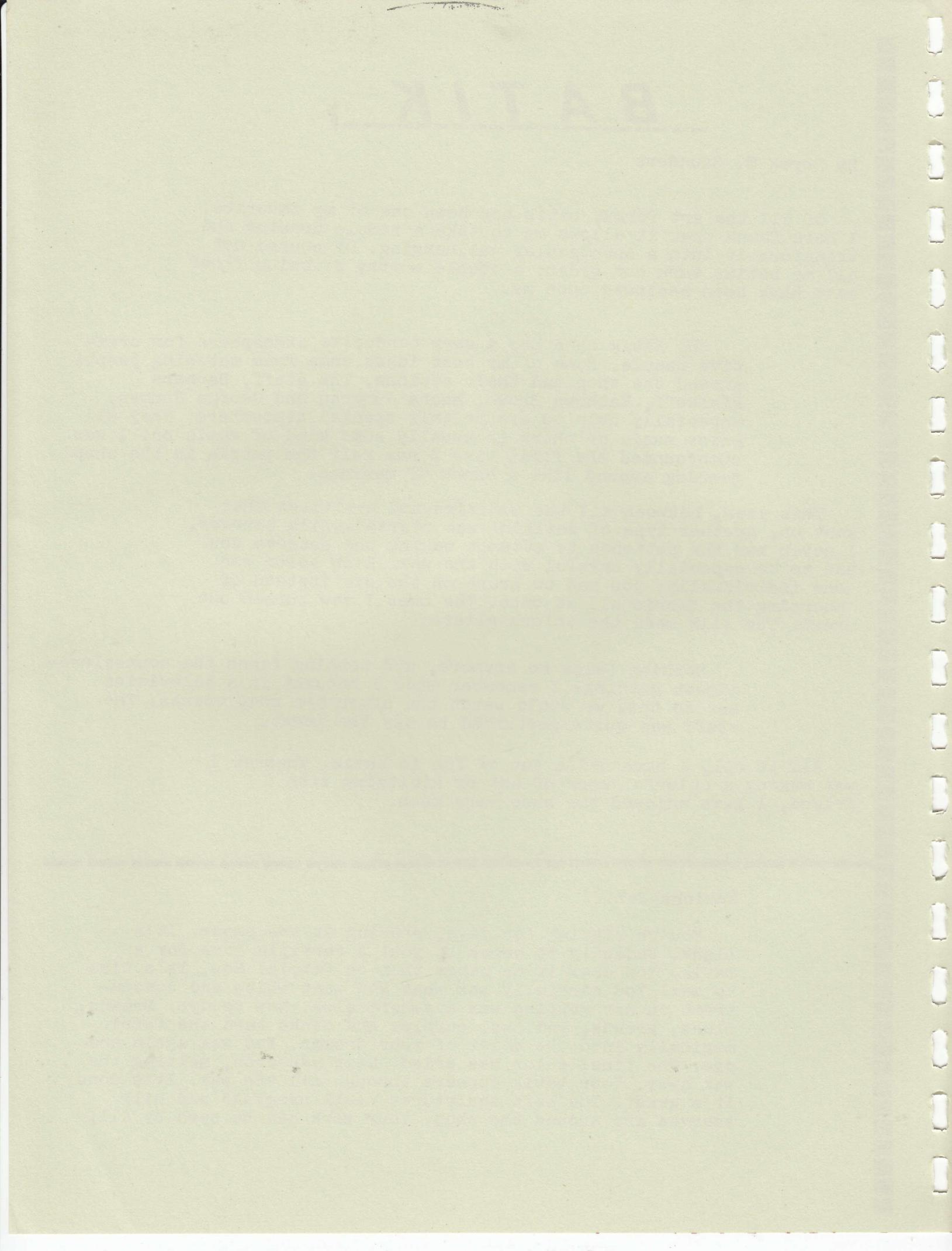
This year, between all the oddities and activites that went on, another type of batiking was started--silk scarves. I never had the patience to attempt making one because you had to be especially careful with the wax. Each color was done individually; you had to brush on the dye instead of immersing the fabric all at once. The ones I saw turned out great. The silk made the colors glisten.

Nothing fazes me anymore, and nothing fazes the counselors--almost nothing. I remember once I brought in a television set so that we could watch the afternoon soap operas. The staff was quite perturbed to say the least.

All in all, I have had a lot of fun in batik. Whether I was making a colorful work of art or kibitzing with a friend, I have enjoyed the shop very much.

Corinne Schiff

You're sitting for days, staring at the paper. It's blank. Suddenly it comes to you! A terrific idea for a batik. You draw it on paper then on fabric. Now, it's time to wax! You carefully wax what you want white and concentrate on not getting wax anywhere else. Now to dye. Browns, blues, greens, yellows, purples and pinks turn the fabric magically into the color of your dreams. You wax again and dye. The final color has dried. Next you iron, melting the wax away. Your batik appears through all the wax. It's done, it's great! The soft sculptures, wall hangings and silk scarves are around the shop. Your work can be seen by all.



LEATHER

20,000 Leagues Under the Septic Field

It lies between the soccer and septic field, a gatehouse between two worlds. It has been called a large red twinkie standing at the edge of girls' cabins. Actually it is the leather shop and the summer residence of Buck's Rock's own mystic lady, Claire Neretin.

Each day campers make the pilgrimage down to this oracle for leatherwork wisdom. Each day pouches, bracelets, wallets, and hats are successfully completed. Vests are especially popular, while hamster leashes and cat saddles are less common. Claire sees nothing wrong with making whips, but the leather takes eight weeks to order. Otherwise the shop is well stocked with the tools of the trade: hole punchers, pizza cutters, scissors and such are in ample supply. And of course, things in leather go much easier with the liberal use of compunction oil.

But the many visitors to the sub find more than just leather. It is a waystation on the frontiers of the Buck's Rock wilderness, where weary travelers stop en route to and from the distant outposts of the stables, science lab and infirmary. It is the last chance for a nice chat... Good music and talk attract customers, and of course it is common knowledge that the best looking men in camp hang out there...but it's not that kind of camp.

Mark Haskelson



I felt that I wouldn't be able to do a woodcut, but I tried it anyway. I drew a picture of a soccer player on a piece of wood. I didn't want to try woodcutting because I wasn't sure it would come out right.

I started printing with brown ink because that is the kind of ink I like best. After I did the first print, I was surprised--it came out better than I thought it would.

I'm going to frame the print and hang it up in my room. The extra prints are gifts for my friends and family.

by John Rothenberg



One day when I was cutting my woodcut of a murder scene, I slipped and cut a major piece out. I was very worried that I had ruined my woodcut. Then I saw something else I could make that part into. This is just one experience that I have had in woodcutting.

Woodcutting is quite unique because if I slip and ruin something, I can make it into something else. If you come to Buck's Rock next year, I strongly suggest you try woodcutting.

by Elijah Schachter

WOODCUT

On the day after the woodcut shop opened I had the fortune (or misfortune) of sitting on the picnic table there. In reality I had been waiting for the printing shop sign-up to be put out, but Juliette thought I was waiting to do a woodcut. I tried to tell her that I didn't want to do a woodcut. All my protests were in vain.

I was outfitted with a pencil, a few pieces of paper, and a round piece of wood. My mind was a blank. No ideas came and I was in despair. I finally got up the nerve to ask for help.

Juliette came over and asked me what I wanted to draw and then started me off. When my drawing was completed I took it over to where she was sitting. She told me to add more details for it was too plain. It took 3 more trips over to her to have her approval. Frankly I was surprised that I was able to draw as well as I had.

The next thing I had to do was brush the wood with a wire brush and then paint it gray. I came back the next day and redrew my sketch on the wood. After I finished drawing I had to color in black all the areas on the wood that I didn't want to cut. These areas would be inked in the end.

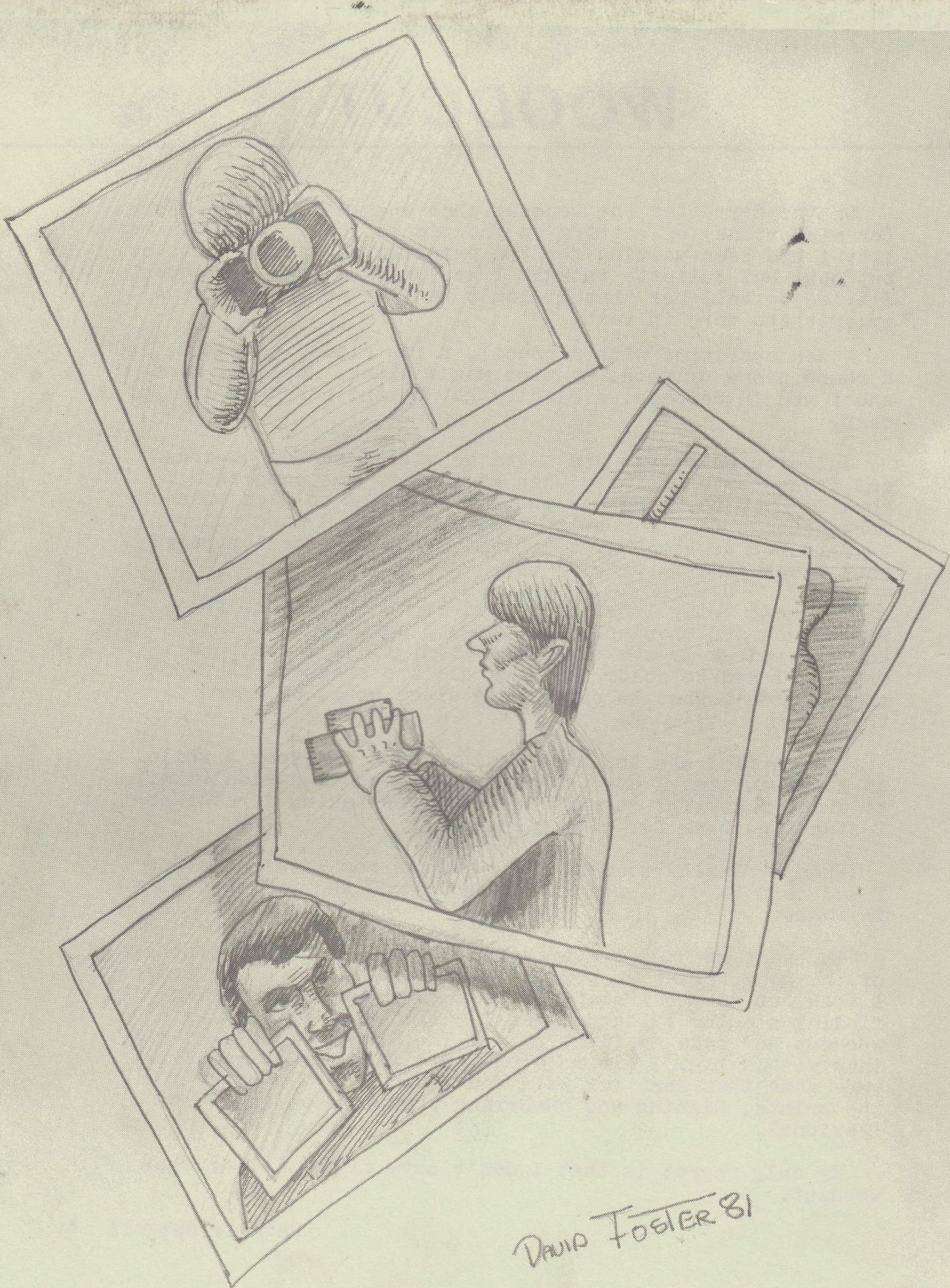
The cutting was the most tedious part and took a while. As I was cutting I saw people printing and I couldn't wait to print mine. The cutting seemed to be taking forever so I didn't go back for almost a week.

When I finally went back I realized how little cutting I had left to do. I went at it with zeal and finished within hours.

The next morning I was at the Woodcut Shop at the stroke of the gong. Printing was the best part of the whole project I took out many different color inks and had a good time finding a color I liked. Then I rolled the ink onto my woodcut and made my first print. The biggest problem I ran into was inking. I either over-inked or under-inked. There were some that came out well and I thought of a title for the prints. Signing and numbering them made me feel professional.

My only regret is that I don't have time to do another woodcut.

Natalie Getzoff



David Foster '81

PHOTOGRAPHY

I am writing this article as I develop a roll of film for yearbook. I can't take too much time because Pub is in a big rush for pictures.

As well as yearbook pictures we are doing some interesting photographic techniques. At the table I see campers and staff hand-coloring black and white prints with special pencils.

I turn and see two people run outside, put two contact printers in the sun, run into the darkroom and emerge with prints that are blue in color. This is a cyanotype which is done with a Kodalith intermediary.

In the darkroom a light flashes, to form a solarization. This is a technique where, by flashing a light during exposure, a high contrast silver & black print is produced.

At the big sink a frenzied CIT prepares the redeveloper for the processing of black and white slides, which, when printed, gives a negative image.

The smell of rotten eggs rises from the sink and I realize that someone is sepia-toning his print, in other words giving it a brownish tone.

Campers new to photography can borrow camp cameras and then roll and develop film and then print the pictures on paper.

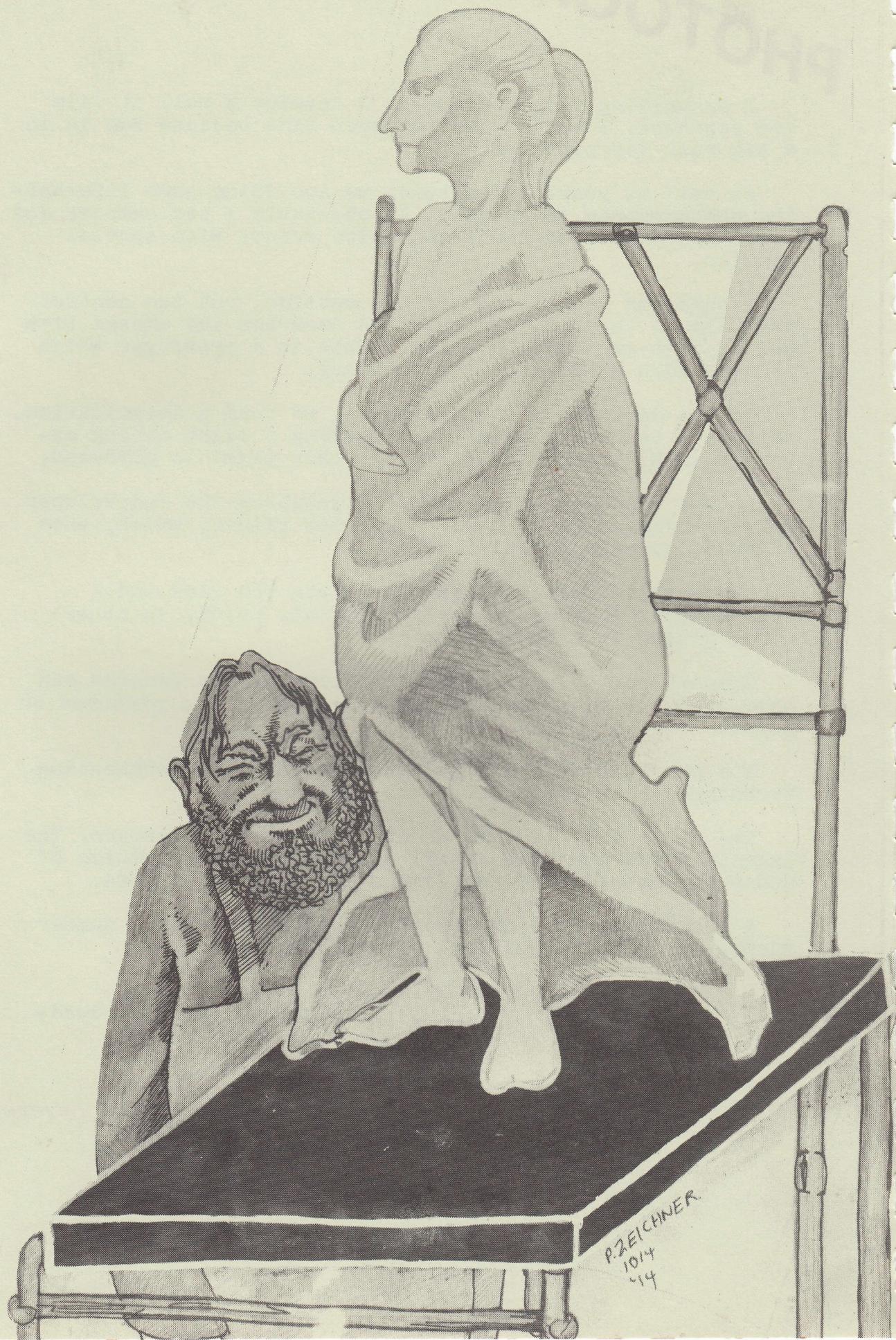
The photo lab offers a multitude of new and interesting techniques that you must see to believe.

The photo shop is also great fun just to be around. The ingenious and creative staff have been the inspiration of numerous waterfights, cup fights and popcorn parties.

I would like to thank the Photo staff for a fun summer during which I learned lots of great things.

Well - got to go and meet
Pub's ridiculous Yearbook dead-
lines.

David Meyers



SCULPTURE

Dear Mom and Dad,

We have gone to a lot of shops this summer, but the one we have enjoyed the most is the Sculpture Shop. The reason we went there was because it looked like a lot of fun and you could make a lot of neat things.

It took us a while to decide what to do, since you can work in practically everything. The counselors (Jack, Colin, Keith, Mitch, and the 3 CITs) really helped us a lot. They explained about everything.

First they told us about working with plaster. They said that we could make an abstract or a distinct figure. To make a plaster sculpture you use a chisel and a hammer to ~~carve~~ out the plaster.

Next they told us about metal casting. There are two kinds, aluminium and bronze. To make the aluminium casting first you file a shape out from a styrofoam block. For a bronze casting you work with wax.

They then explained about welding. They said we would have to use a torch. So we stayed away from welding.

Last but not least, wood carving. What you do is draw out flowing forms on a piece of wood. Then using all different sized chisels, you chisel out the shapes.

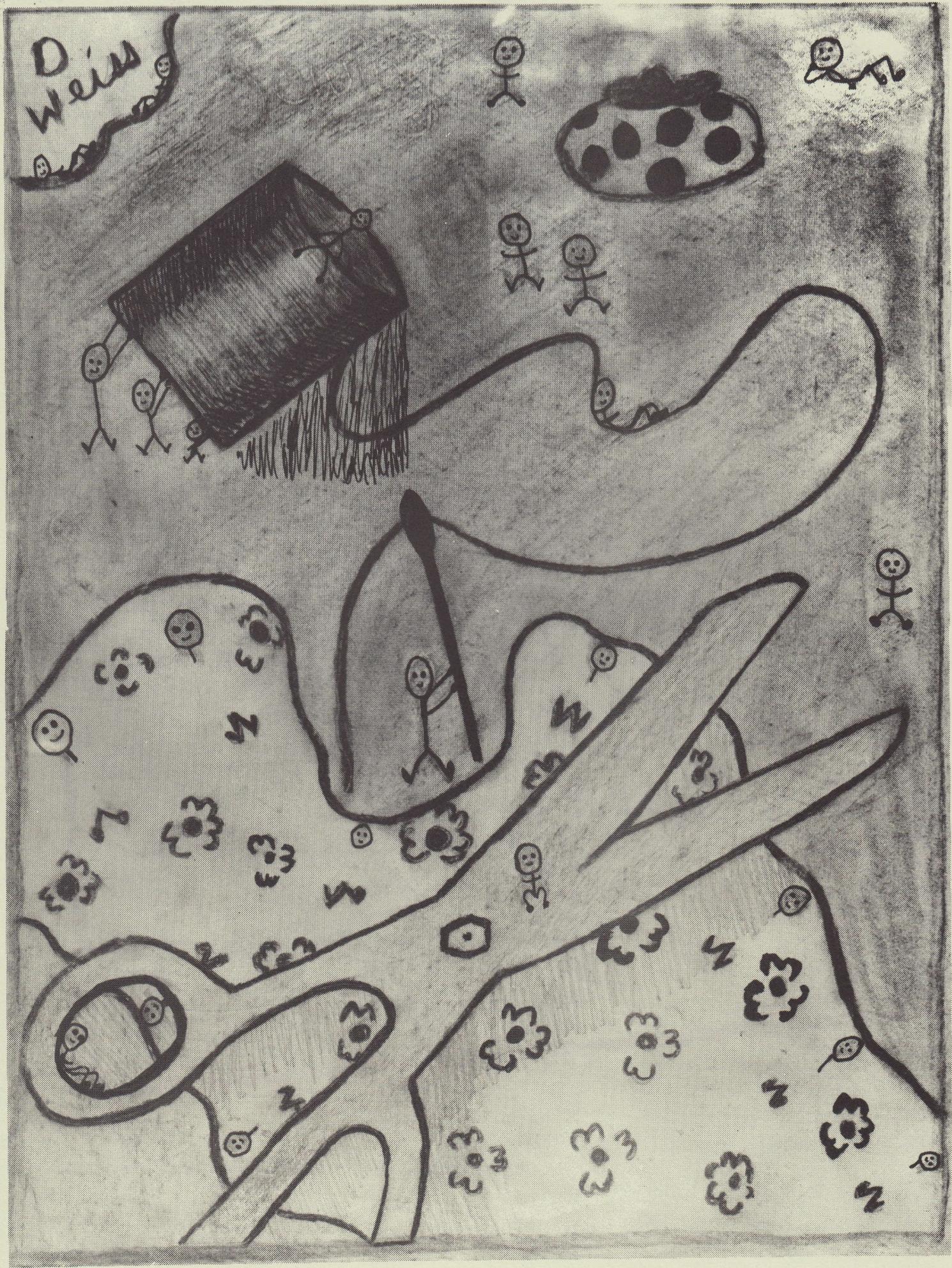
Now we are both on our third sculpture. We love spending our time there because we know we will have a wild time even if we are working really hard. This is because the counselors also want to have a good time.

Well, that's all for now.

BYE! Write soon.

Love,

Ellen and Valerie



S E W I N G

Today, when I walked into the sewing shop, it was especially hot, but I really like sewing, so I went there instead of swimming. I was almost finished with my sundress. I couldn't wait to complete it so I would finally have something cool to wear.

I had the tedious job of making the ruffle for my dress today. I had cut the 3 pieces of the ruffle out of the yellow flowered fabric earlier. I first sewed together the three pieces on the machine, so that it formed a hoop. I had to gather it then so I sewed a loose machine stitch $\frac{3}{8}$ in. and $\frac{5}{8}$ in. from the top of the ruffle, and carefully (so the strings would not break) pulled the ends of the strings, until the ruffle was gathered sufficiently, and I tied the ends. Pinning the ruffle onto the main dress, I sewed them together. I made a hem at the bottom.

Finally I was done! I tried on the dress and it fit perfectly. so I took it back to my bunk. I was very proud of myself, because when I had started, I thought I'd never finish. I had started 4 days before, after the sewing shop went to Danbury to get patterns and fabric. I didn't go because the bus was already full, so I waited impatiently until they came back because I was anxious to start my sundress. I had taken sewing in school and enjoyed it but I hadn't been very good at it. Now, only two months later, I am an experienced seamstress, thanks to the help of all the staff at sewing.

By Bethany Grenald

Bottles of magenta block-out
on the tables,
messy opaque jars line the shelves,
screens find their place across the top of
the back wall.

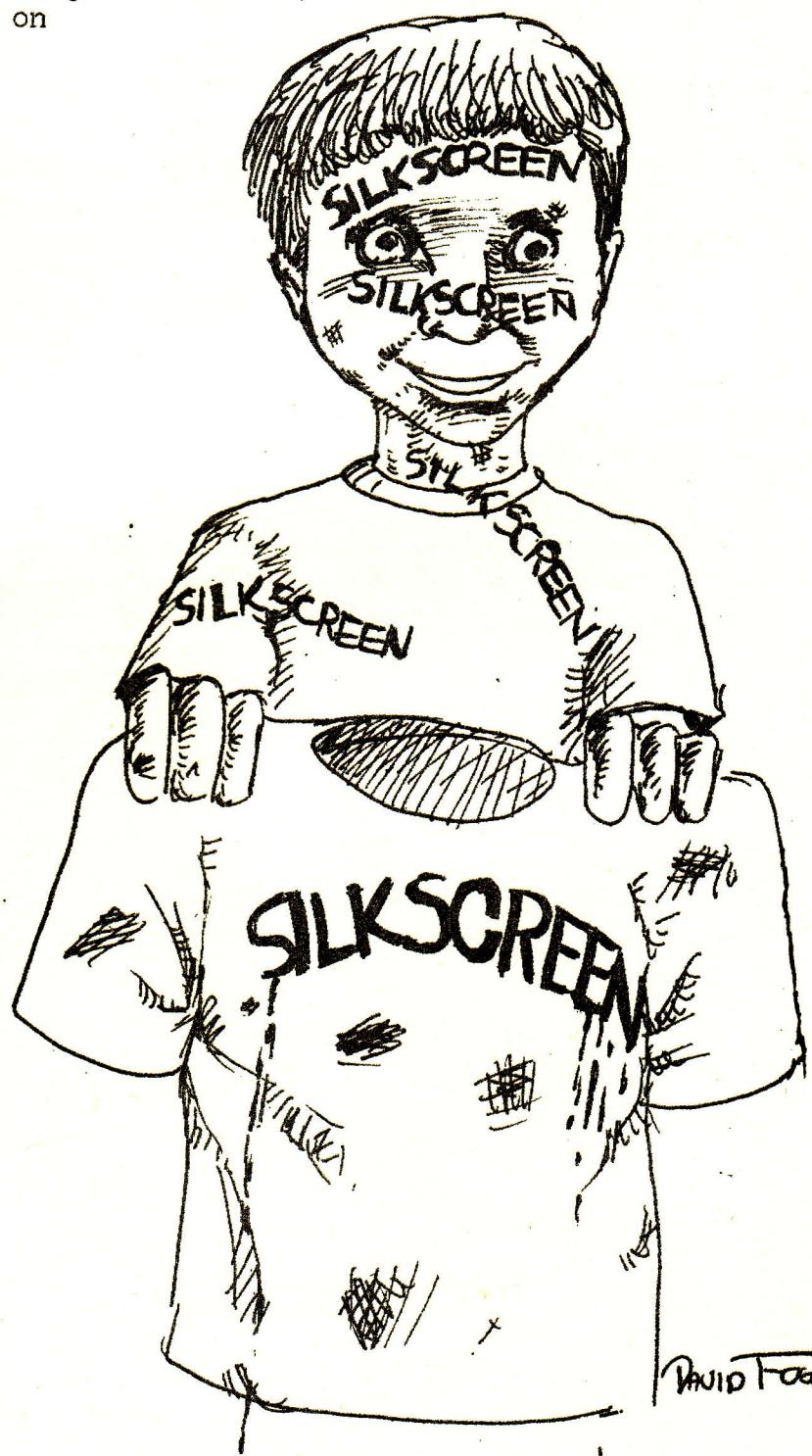
The smell of mineral spirits lingers on from
a screen just cleaned.
Inky hand pull squeegee down on

the screen

Colorful, finished products
on each wall,
remind us of
the hard work that is put in
to get these
beautiful prints.

by nina v.

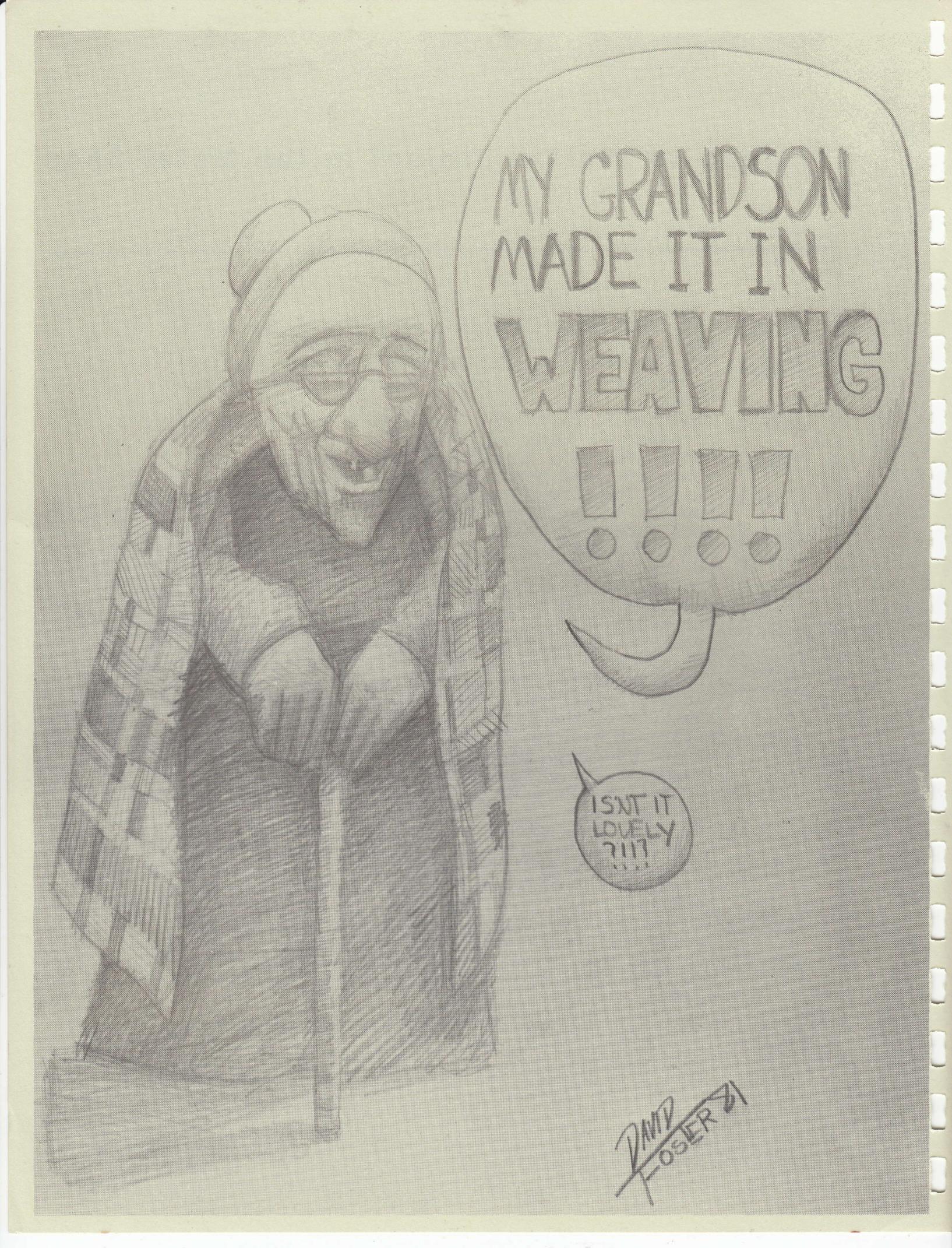
lesser



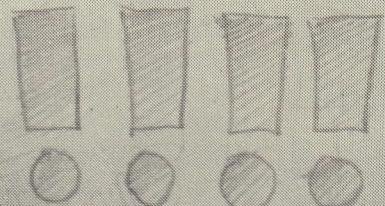
17 steps to start a project in the Metal Shop

- Step 1: Leap into the Silver Shop ready for a hard day of work.
- Step 2: Walk nervously around until a counselor finally approaches you and paints a purple stripe on your nose.
- Step 3: Mimi tells you to sit down with a pencil and plenty of paper to "draw a picture."
- Step 4: Stare aimlessly into space for a few hours. Liz comes over and hands you some popcorn.
- Step 5: Voila! You come up with a great commercial idea that you saw in the Sears Catalog.
- Step 6: IDEA REJECTED! CRAP!
- Step 7: Sit for a few more days trying to think of an idea to use.
- Step 8: Julie notices that you haven't left the shop in days and offers you some coffee.
- Step 9: Counselor succeeds in helping you design a project from the scribbles you have made already.
- Step 10: You are told to go to the CIT area to buy materials.
- Step 11: You walk around the shop 5 times when someone finally points out that you buy your materials in the back of the shop.
- Step 12: After you overcome the embarrassment you have just caused yourself you wander back to Beth. She then laughs at you and escorts you to the CIT area.
- Step 13: You wait $\frac{1}{2}$ hour until the CIT realizes that you're waiting.
- Step 14: After the CITs finish pondering about which metal to cut from, you finally get your piece of metal.
- Step 15: Bring the materials you just bought (being careful to guard them because of the money you just spent) to Hanne.
- Step 16: You're about to start your project when you hear Dennis say the dreaded words "Clean Up."
- Step 17: You then make a vow to never set foot into the silver Shop again except on Sunday when you can sell your metal back.

by Lisa Dropkin and Cindi Augarten



MY GRANDSON
MADE IT IN
WEAVING



ISN'T IT
LOVELY
???

DAN
OSER

THE WEAVING STUDIO

It was right before the end of the first month and people were rushing in and out to begin and complete projects. I tried to talk to one of the counselors, but was brushed off with a "I'm busy now. Wait 5 minutes." As time is so apt to do the 5 turned into 10, and the 10 into 20. Finally I was stunned by a barrage of questions. "How big will it be? Where is your wool? What are you making? What kind of pattern?

All I could say was my name, the fact that I had signed up for a loom, I had never woven anything before, and I hadn't picked wool.

They helped me pick wool, a pattern, and showed me how to warp up. Warping up is wrapping the yarn around a series of pegs to measure out its length so you have enough yarn for your project. This took a day or so.

Then I had to tie on. This is a real pain because there are a lot of tangled little threads next to each other and you can't cross them or get them mixed up. If you do, you must cut all the threads and start over. Unfortunately I cut the threads 2 or 3 times and ended up cutting off so much yarn I could only make 5 placemats instead of 6.

But don't let me discourage you. The Weaving Studio, high on a hill has some beautiful views. It is surrounded by trees and an aura of serenity. It is peaceful and green.

Also, the weaving itself is fun, though it can get tedious. All you do is push a wooden thing, somewhat resembling a Dutch clog through the yarn. You then must take a bar and push it against the thread to flatten it out.

Another nice thing about weaving is the people. The counselors are really helpful and fun to be with and since you can talk while weaving, you usually make new friends.

Another advantage is the parties. We had a party at the end of the first month with Entemann's Chocolate Chip cookies (the best next to David's cookies at Freihofers) and the best dip ever, Doritos, and M&M's. Definitely a reason in itself to go weave.

But really the best reason to go to weaving is the feeling of satisfaction you get when you see how nicely the placemats you have been laboring over for the past few days come out. And they do come out beautifully.

by Beth Kissileff

Weft At Weaving

A typical conversation taking place at the Weaving Studio : (a camper walks in, extremely unsure of herself)

Camper: "Um, Er, Ah..."

Counselor: "Yes, young lady?"

Camper: "I wanna make a scarf."

Counselor: "Sign up on this here sheet and come back in 3 weeks. Listen for them announcements."

3 WEEKS LATER

Lou: "And here's an announcement from the Weaving Studio: Judy Schwartz, come to Weaving this afternoon. Your loom is ready."

THAT AFTERNOON

Camper: "I'm Judy Schwartz and you said my loom was ready."

Counselor: "Well, my piglet, first choose your yarn, then make a warp, then..."

Camper: "Mohair."

Counselor: "Not mohair, you can use that in your weft."

Camper: "But..., But... Alright!"

THE NEXT MORNING

Camper: "I'm almost finished threading! @*#¢% Oh No! Two broken strings. HELP!!"

Counselor: "Coming! Coming! (Sniff! Sniff!) Broken strings? (sniff) I don't think I can (sniff) take this in the (sniff) morning!"

THAT AFTERNOON

Camper: "21 inches! Rats! My bobbin ran out!"

20 MINUTES LATER

Camper: "36 inches!"

Camper: "50 inches. 10 more to go!"

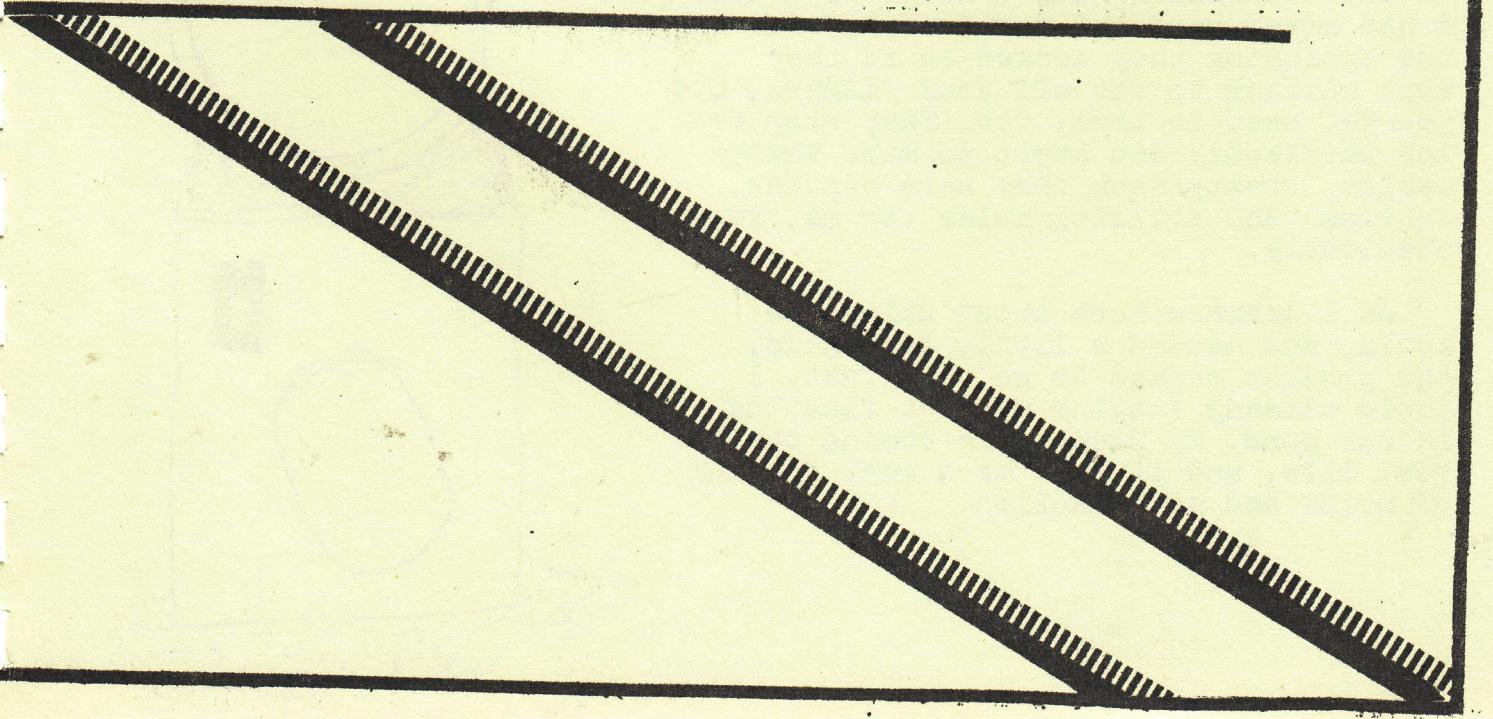
Counselor: "Speedy Gonzales over here!"

15 MINUTES LATER

Camper: "60 inches! FINISHED!" (background - clap, clap)

Counselor: "You brighten up my life!"

by Nancy Rubin and Julie Kunen.



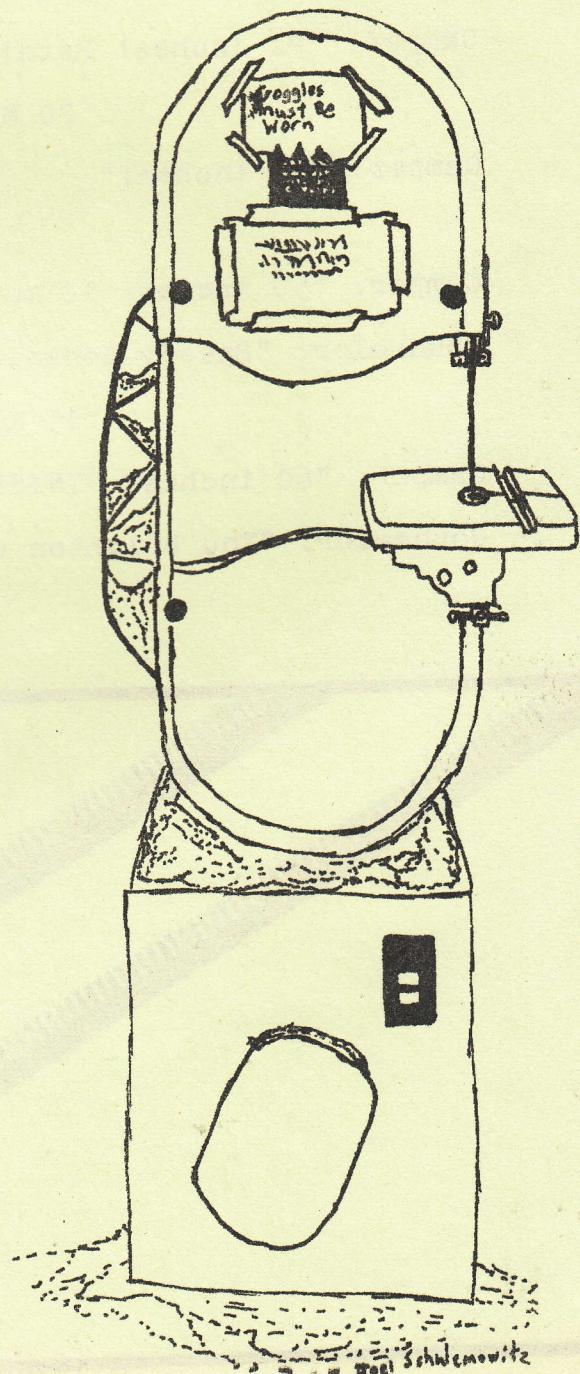
THE WOODSHOP

by Sandie Friedman

When I first came into the woodshop, it seemed noisy and hot, but as soon as I started work, I really forgot about that. I already had in mind what I wanted. The first thing I had to do was plan my boat with paper, a pencil, and a ruler, deciding the exact size and shape of it. Then the counselors looked it over and made suggestions. I got involved in figuring out how it should look in the end, what type of wood to use so it would float, and how much work had to be put into it. I looked through books for ideas and talked to some of the people who were working there. Finally, I went up to the loft and picked a board from the piles of wood, which they took down and cut for me.

The counselors helped me get started. I had never used the machines before. In the beginning they looked as if they were waiting to eat off your fingers, but you get used to them, too. They stop being unfriendly and start to make things easier. Pretty soon they were sanding, cutting, and drilling holes for me, very obediently.

As I learned more about using the tools, and needed a little less help, the project seemed to go very fast. I could already imagine my boat floating in our pond. My plans were coming out in real life, and it gave me a real feeling of pride and satisfaction.



Lover's Leap

Three woodshop CITs climbed up to Lovers' Leap, feeling the temperature rise one degree with every step upwards. Three woodshop CITs wondered if they'd ever be let down again on...

WOOD SORTING DAY!

"It's walnut. I'm telling you, it's just a funny kind of walnut."

"Look at those fine marks in the grain, it looks like mahogany to me."

"It's too light colored for that, I bet it's oak."

"Ask Lenore."

"Lenore!" "Lenore!" "Lenore!"

Three voices rang out in unison, and six feet climbed down from Lovers' Leap, the loft above the woodshop where lumber is stored, bearing a 20-foot board. A moment later, the same six feet made the return voyage returning the board to the pile.

She just glanced at it and said, "Willow."

"Now we know if it doesn't look like exactly anything, it's willow."

"Josh."

"Yeah?"

"You know that board you're standing on?"

"Yeah," said Josh, looking down.

"Well the other end is on my foot!"

"Oh, sorry!" laughed Josh.

"STOP! You're going to put the end of that board through a window!" I cried.

"That'd be nothing new," said Ron, pointing to the board-ed up remnants of half-a-dozen windows.

"Are you sure this one belongs with the mahogany?"

"John said there are 130 types of mahogany. If this is mahogany it's #129,"

"Hey! This looks like redwood...but no. It couldn't be."

Three woodshop CITs crowded around the short board, resting from beneath an inch of dust and hundreds and hundreds of pounds of wood.

"Are you kidding? If this is redwood, it's worth a fortune."

"It couldn't be redwood."

"Then what is it?"

"I'll ask Lenore."

It took only one person to carry the board downstairs to get the experts opinion.

"It is redwood!" came the triumphant cry.

"What do we do with it?"

"Give it to John!"

"JOOOOOOHN!" Excited footsteps bounded, nearly head first, down the stairs. "Look what we found!"

"It's redwood, so?" said John, unmoved.

"It must be worth a fortune! What do you mean 'So?'"

"Sure, and white pine is worth a fortune in the west. Besides, the stuff is so soft you can scratch it with your fingernail. You can never get it to look nice. It gets all scratched up as soon as you get it nice and polished."

Three dejected CITs, heads hung low returned up the stairs. "Let's just stick it back where we found it."

"No--put it in with the zebra wood and we'll call it the 'DON'T USE THIS WOOD' pile."

"Why can't people use the zebra?"

"Well, it smells funny."

"So?" he persisted.

"We'll have to let him sniff for himself." Josh and I exchanged an amused glance as Ron's nose approached the pile of striped wood, sniffed cautiously, and backed off with all possible speed, stumbling over the piles of wood behind him.

"We warned you!" said Josh.

"It is my personal theory that zebra isn't wood at all, but in reality, compressed manure," I put in.

The day wore on and lumber found its way to the correct places. Three CITs, dripping with sweat and sawdust, were premitted to leave and requested to shower. They left the shop with but one comforting thought: that next summer they could make their CITs do it.

by Amy Bruckman

GALLERY



Janet Rosen, Steven Pudell, Jacob Farmer, Josh Heller, Sean Heller, Laura Strauss, Julie Simon,
Eddie Kopel, Jim Hausman, Elizabeth Cutler, Lisa Sanders, Sheryl Stern, Ron Filippone



Monica Cohen



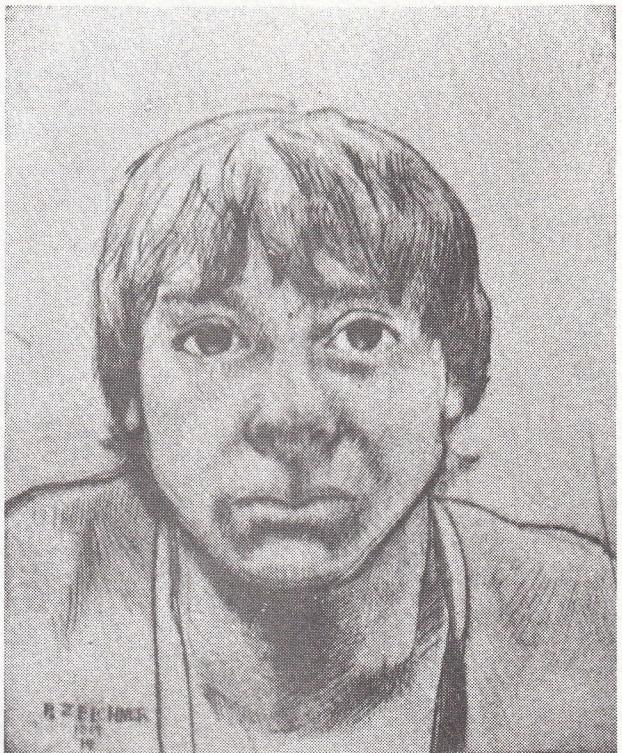
Ricky Simmer



Marnie Silberman



Sean Heller



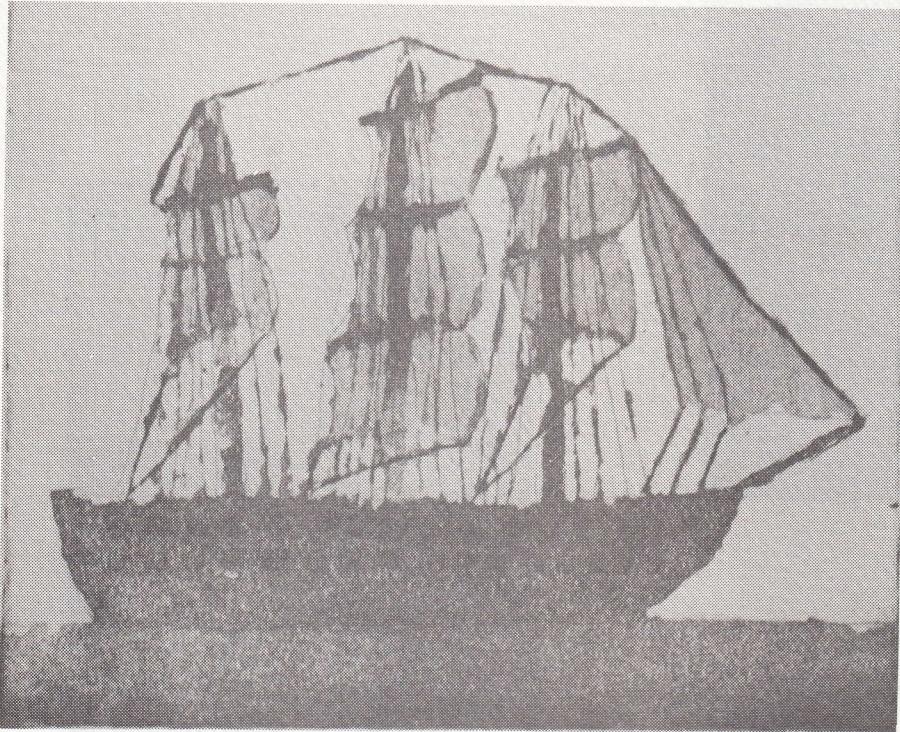
Paul Zeichner



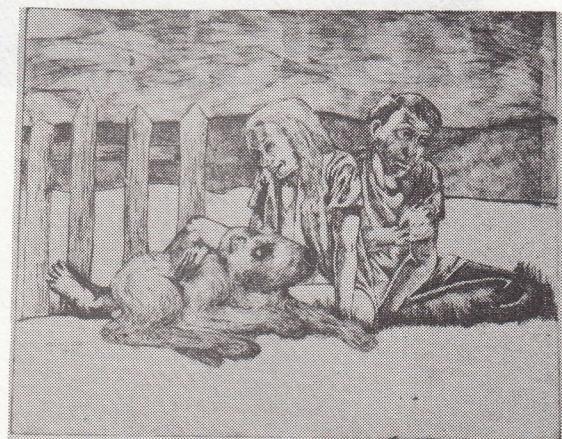
Lisa Sanders



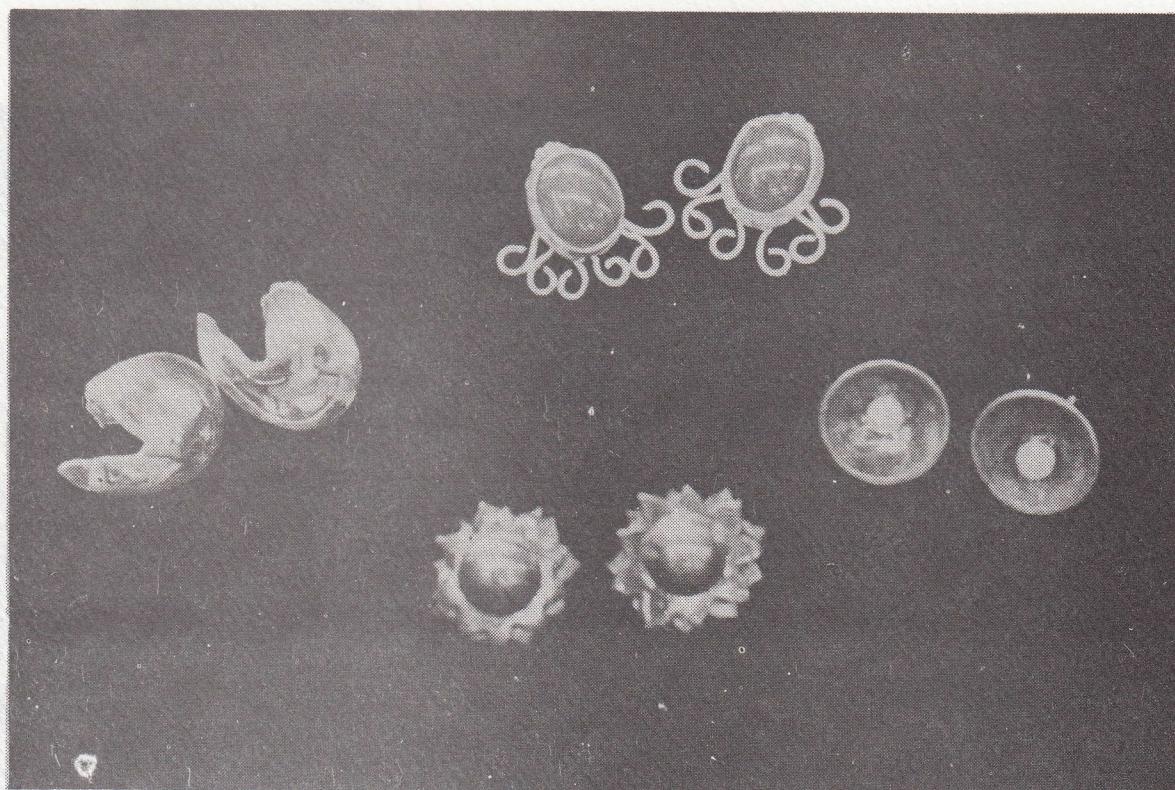
Debbie Ehrlick



Johnathan Jussman



Paul Zeichner



Stuart Kurtz

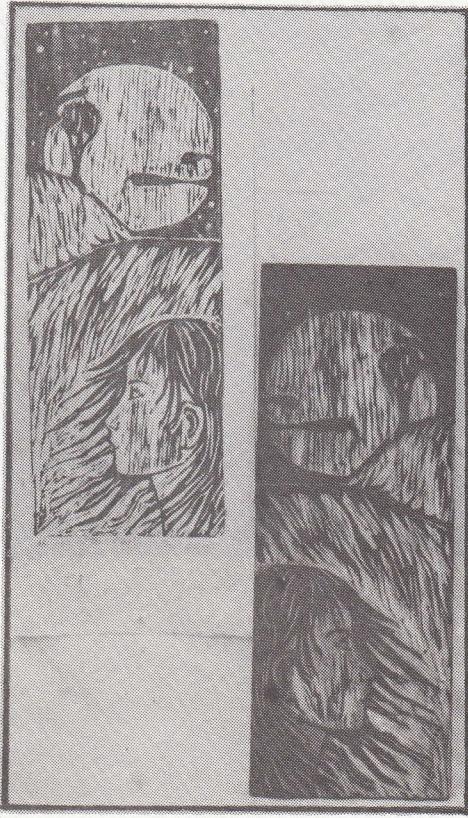
Lisa Feinman

Elisa Maxwell

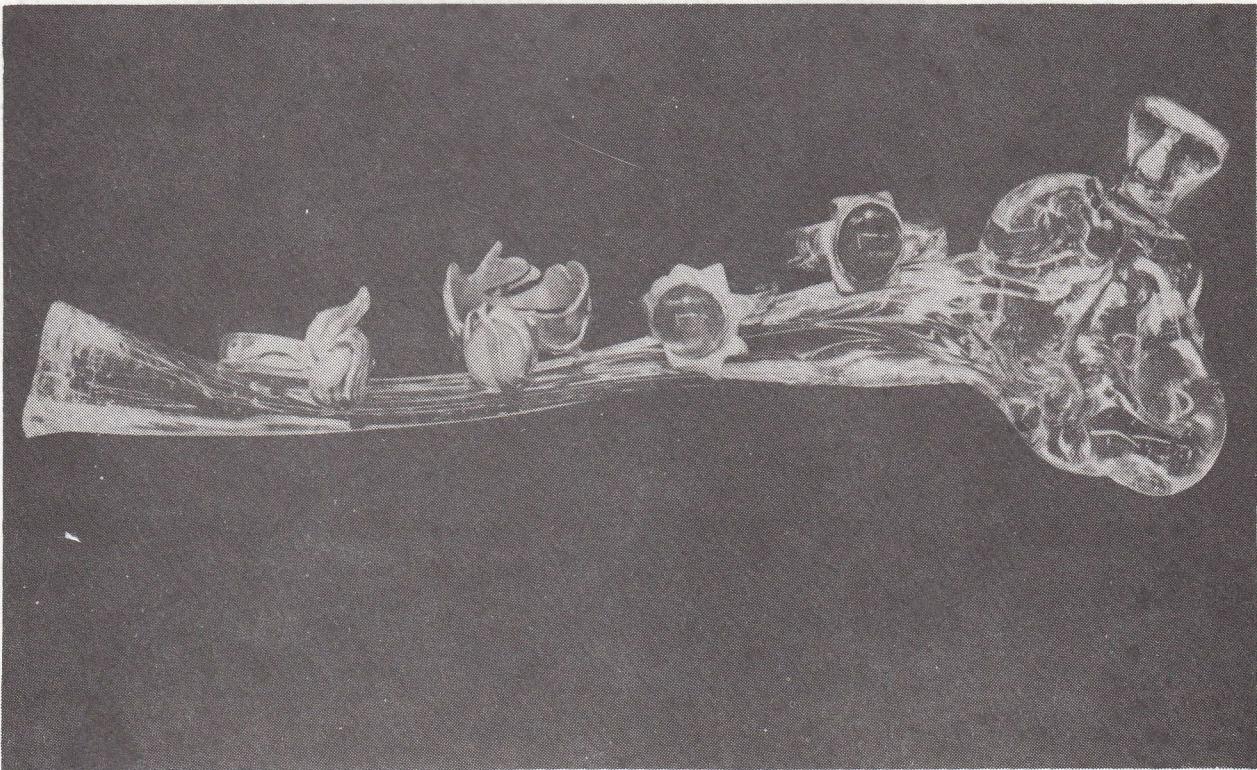
Sandi Poresky



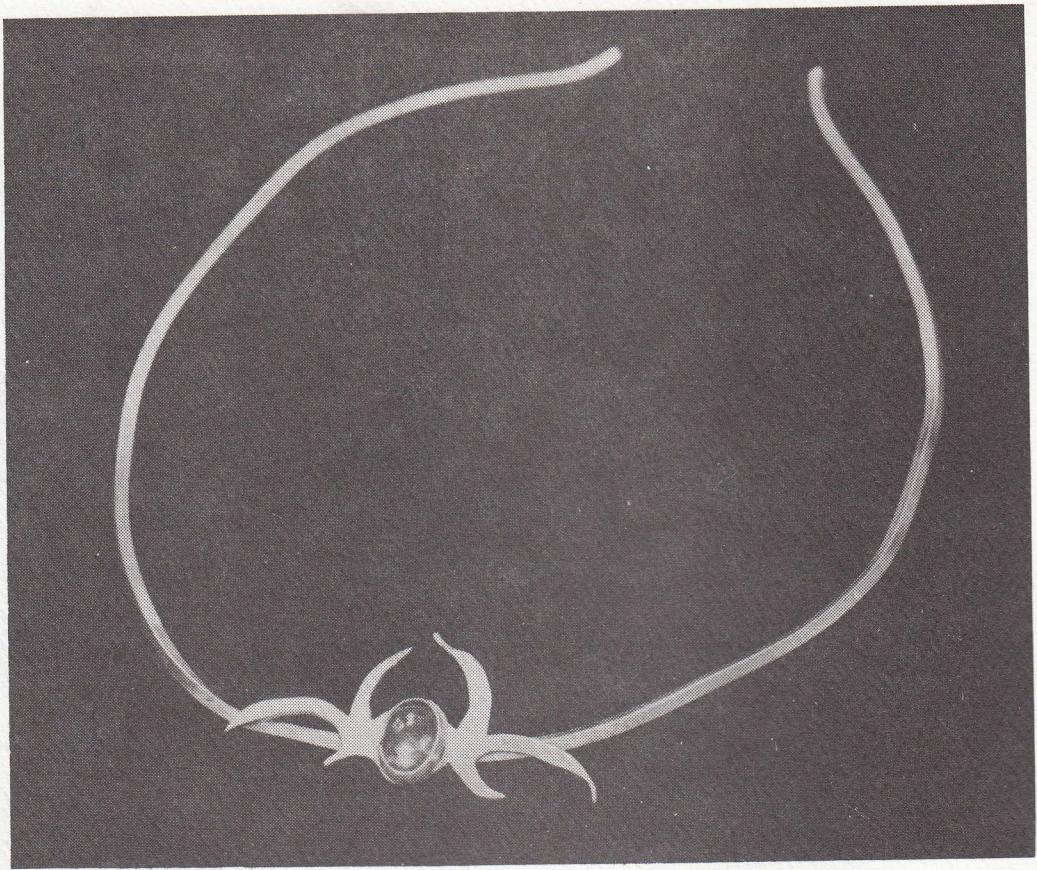
Pam Rosenfield



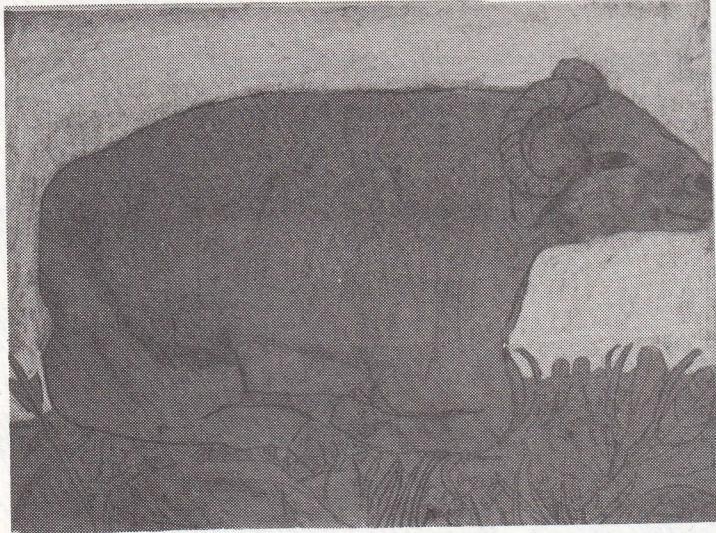
Jennifer Baker



Cindi Augarten Jill Robinson Marnie Silberman Michael Robbins



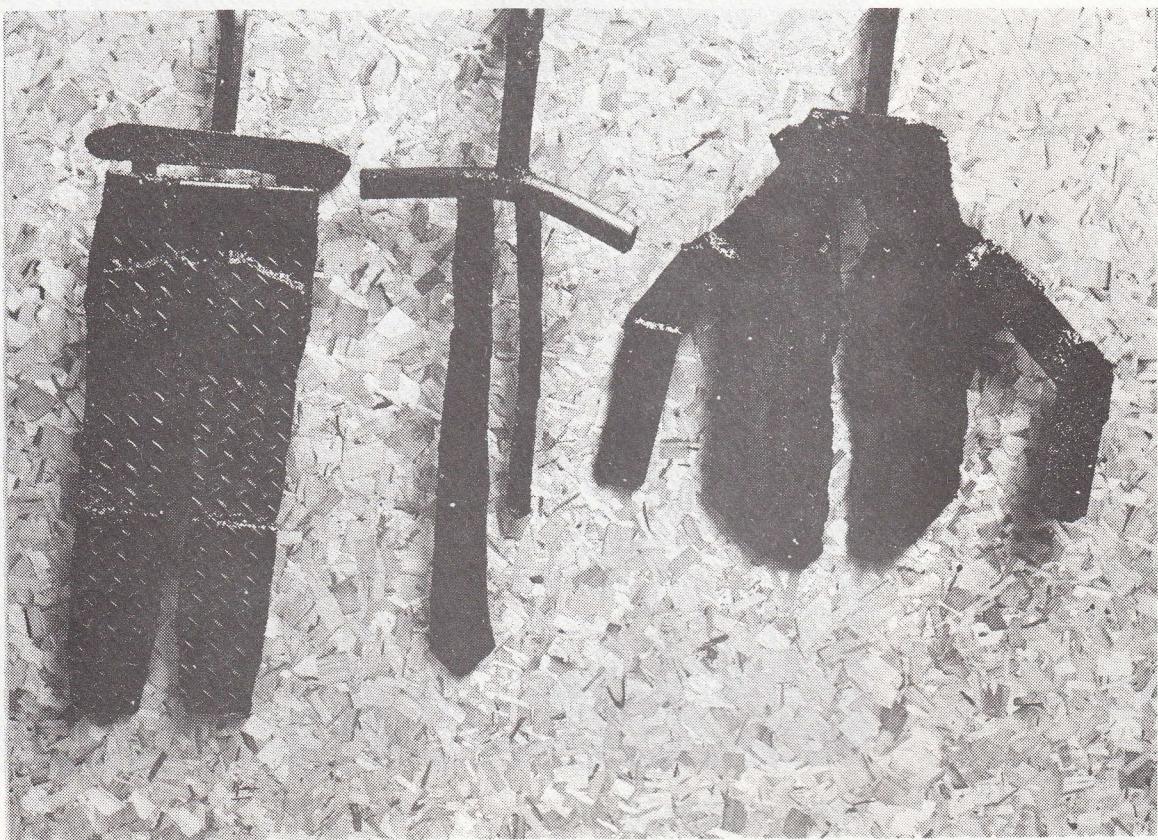
Ellen Plotnick



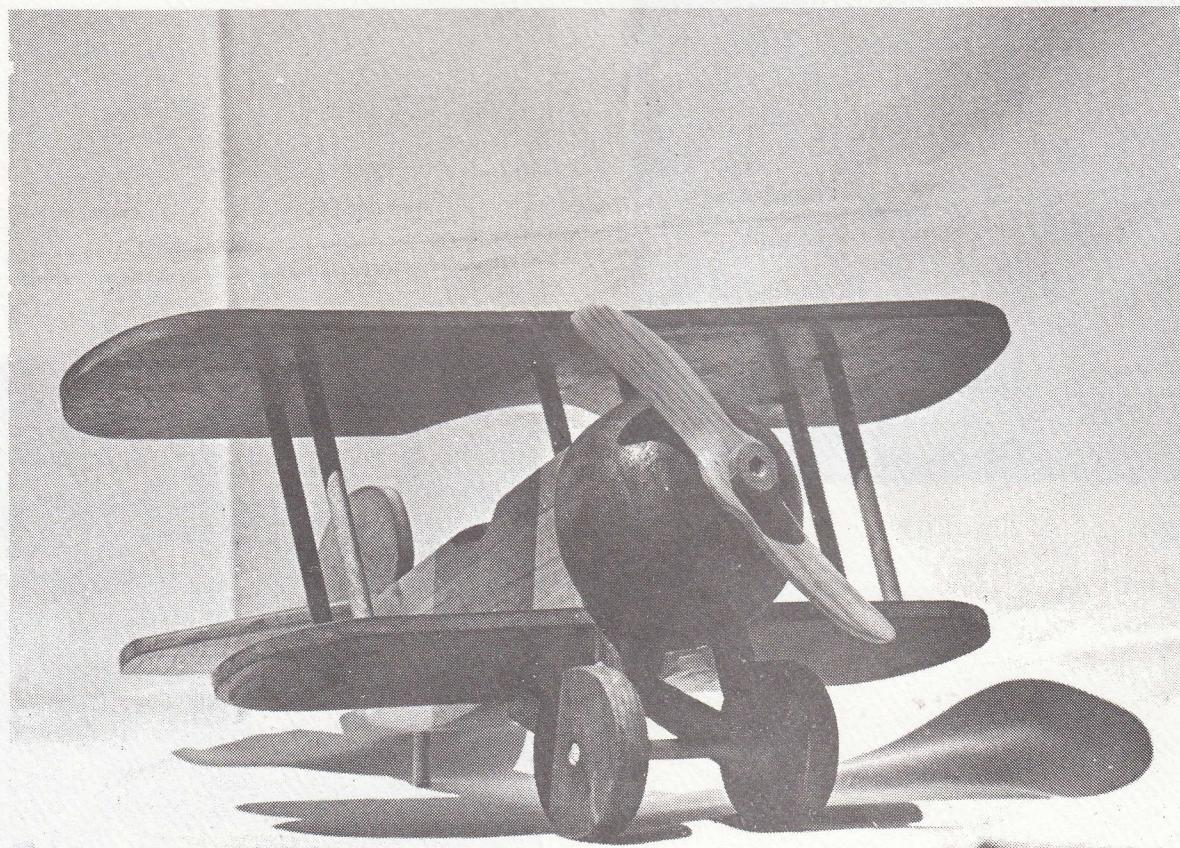
Jody Marcus



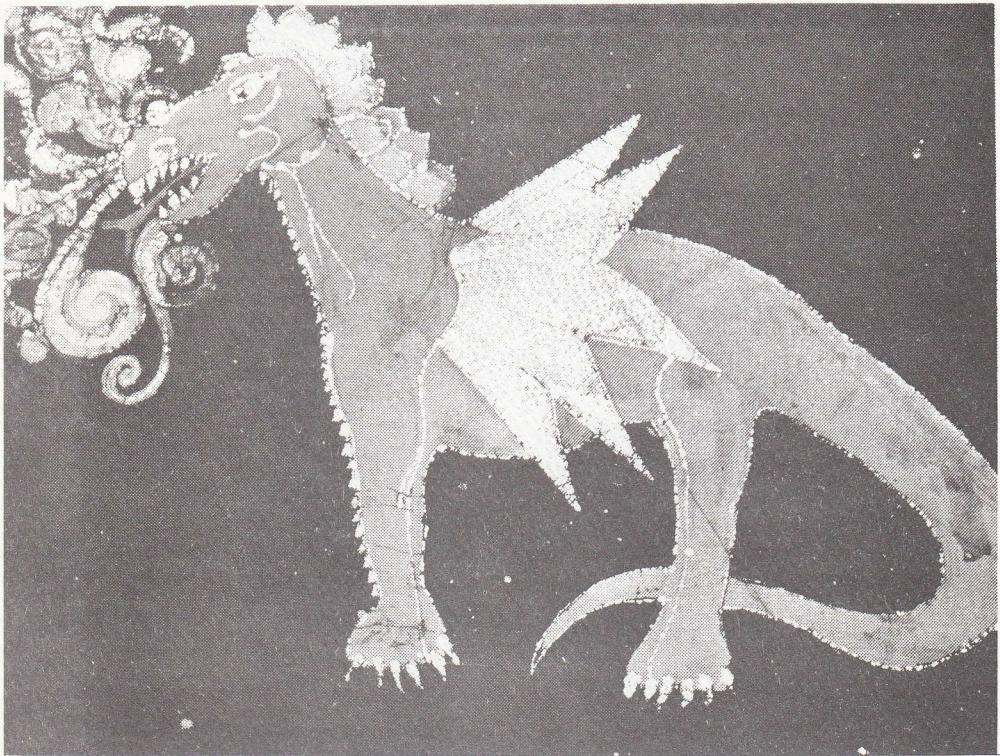
Elijah Schachter



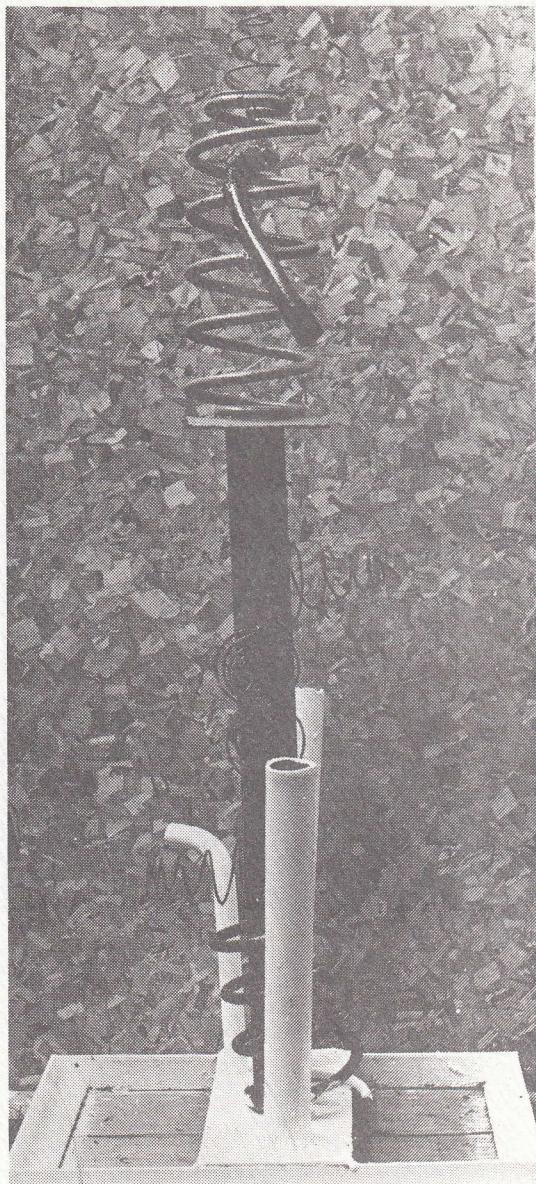
Andy Lippman



Steven Edelstein



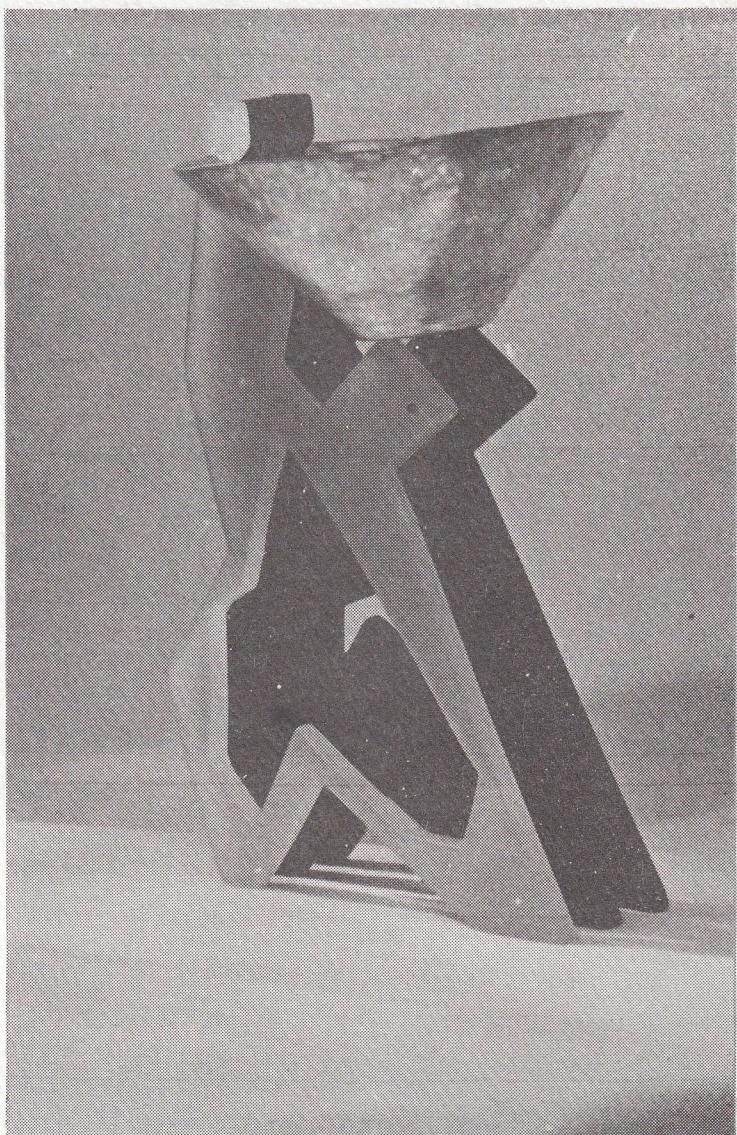
Wendy Baer



Elijah Schnacter



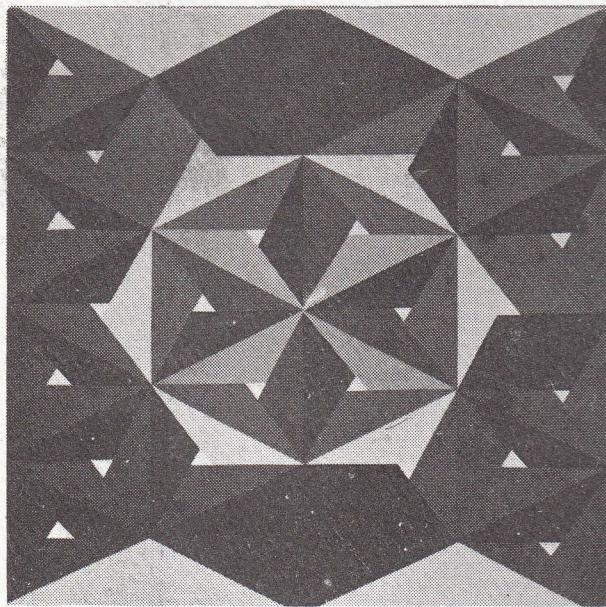
Laura Strauss



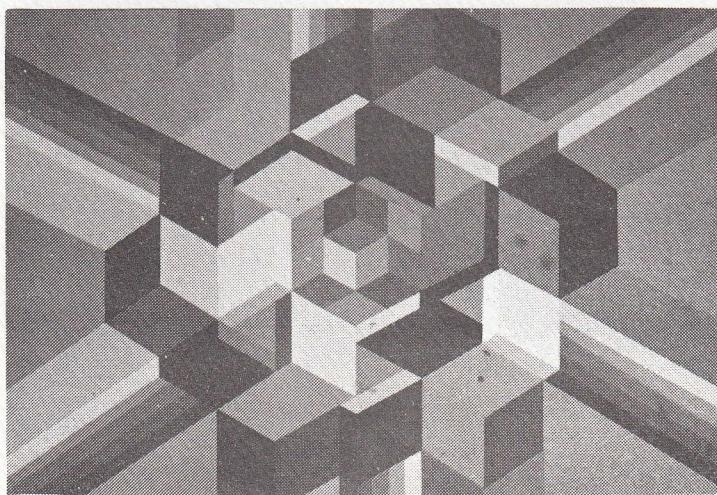
Alissa Spielberg



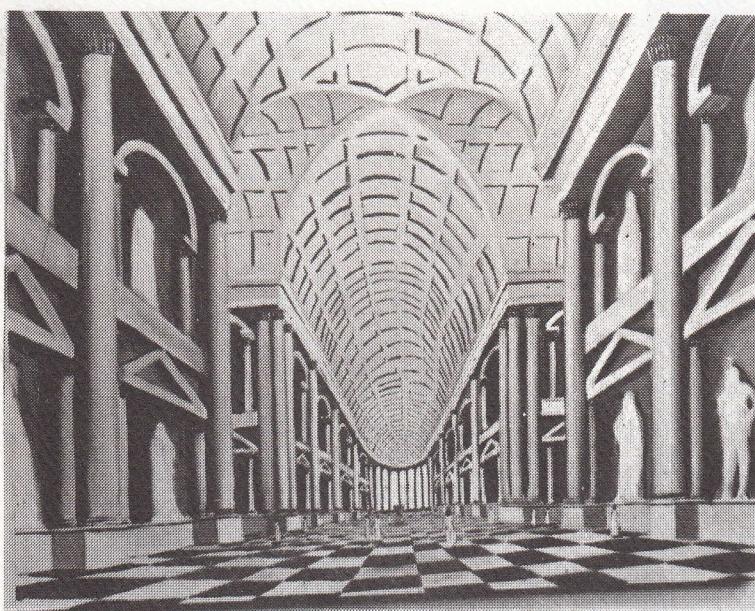
Lisa Greenfield



Jackie Grossman



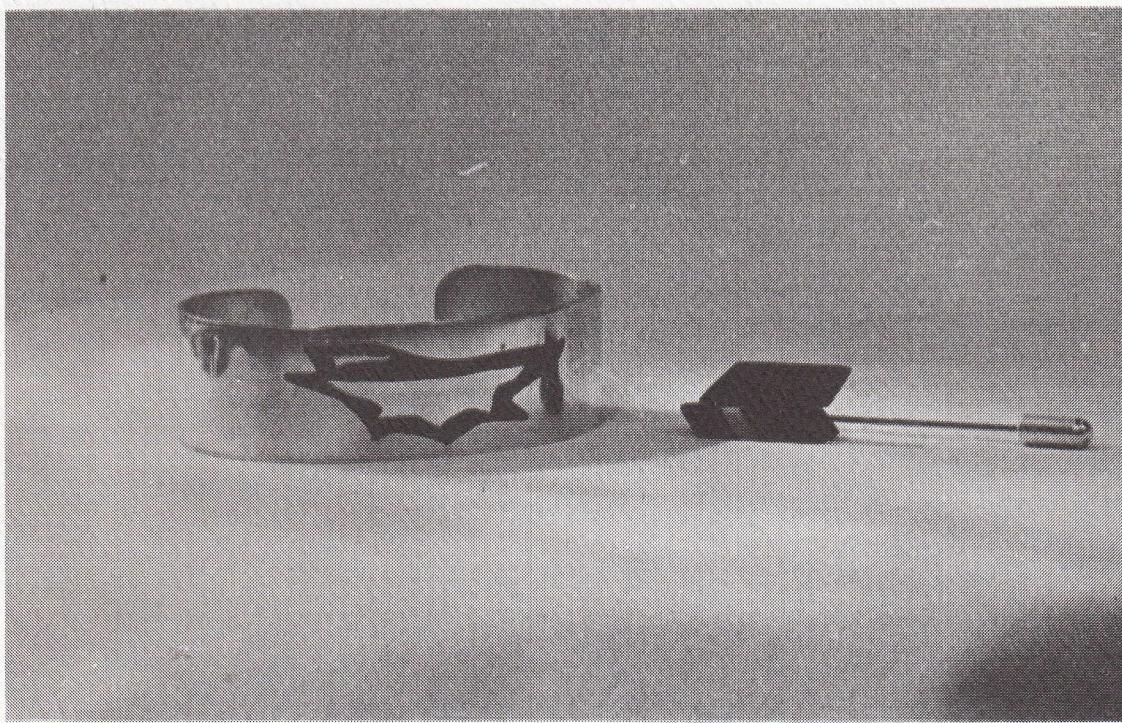
Jill Appelbaum



Michael Wetstone

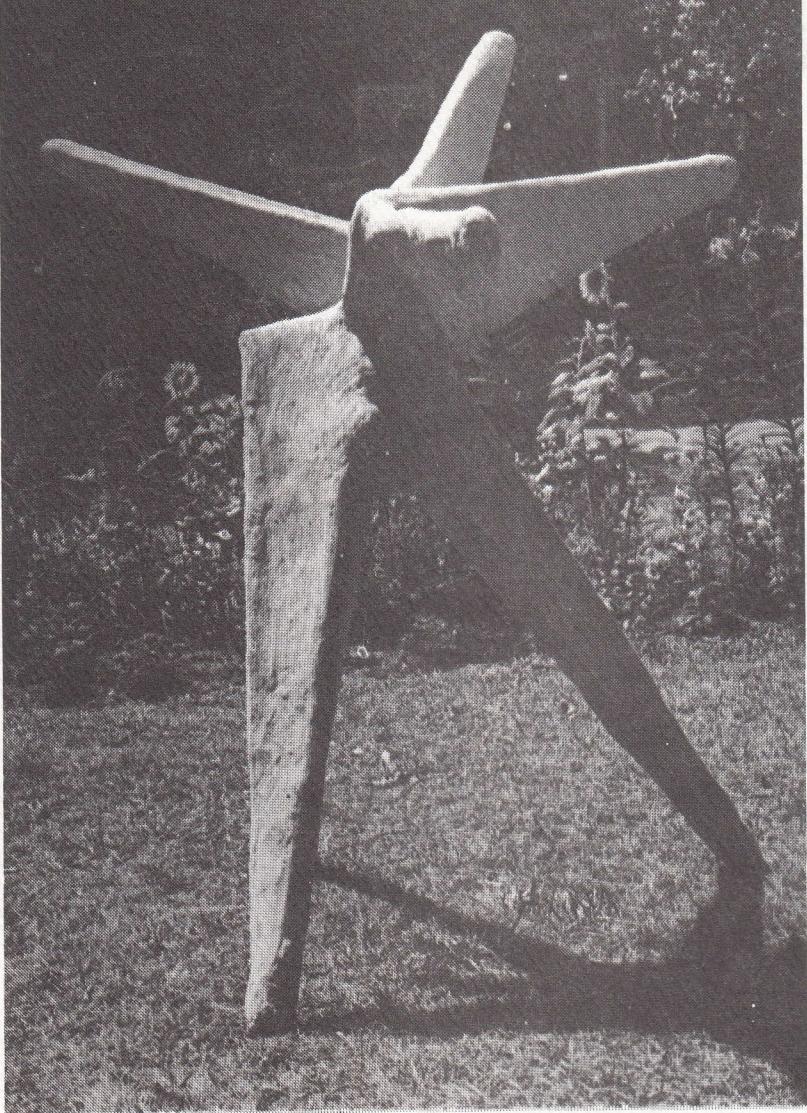


Nancy Khafif



Amos Lieberman

Robert Levine



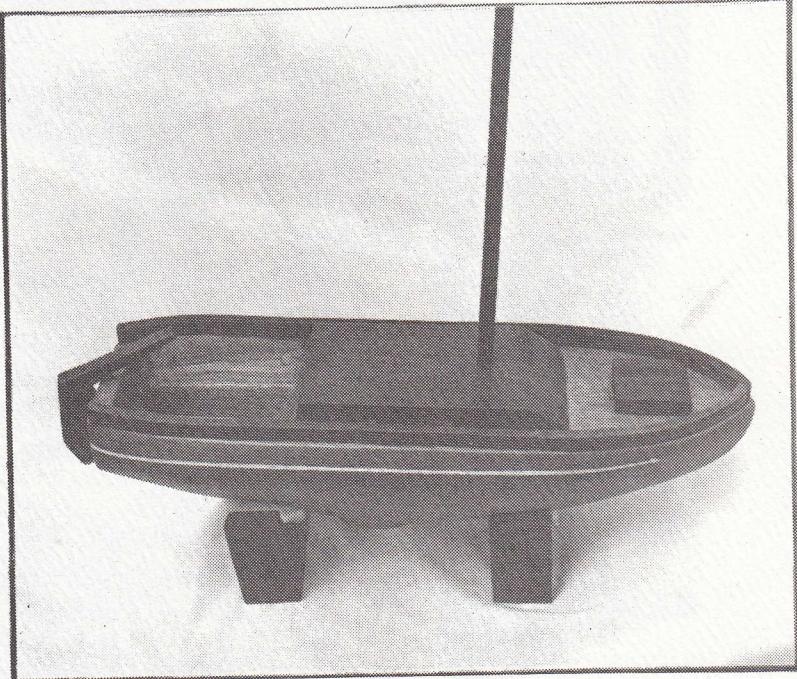
George Skaryak



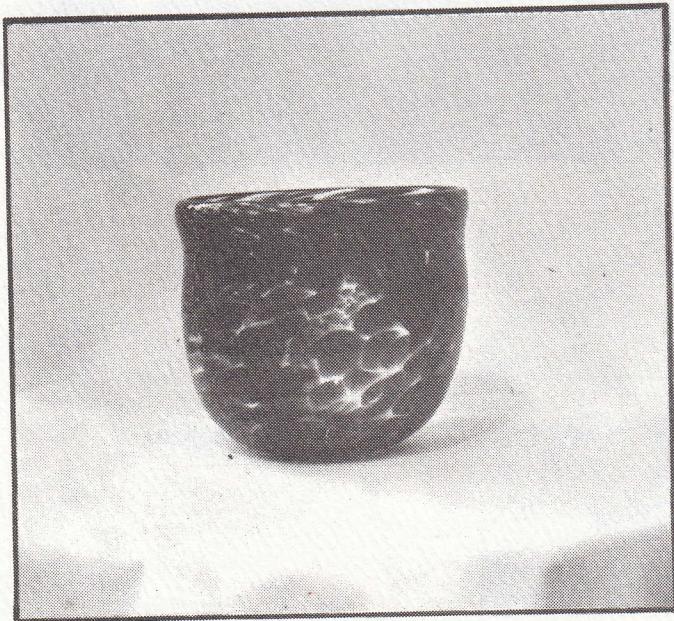
Ron Kildappene



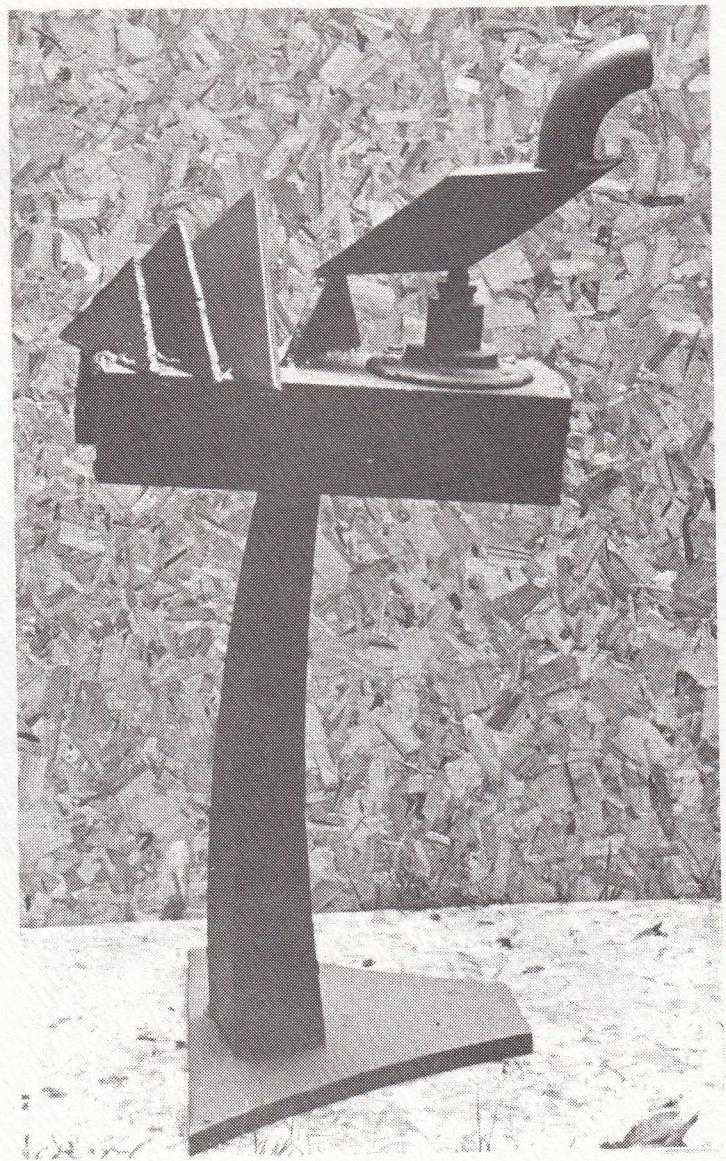
Matt Merkelson



Sandy Friedman



Noah Salzman

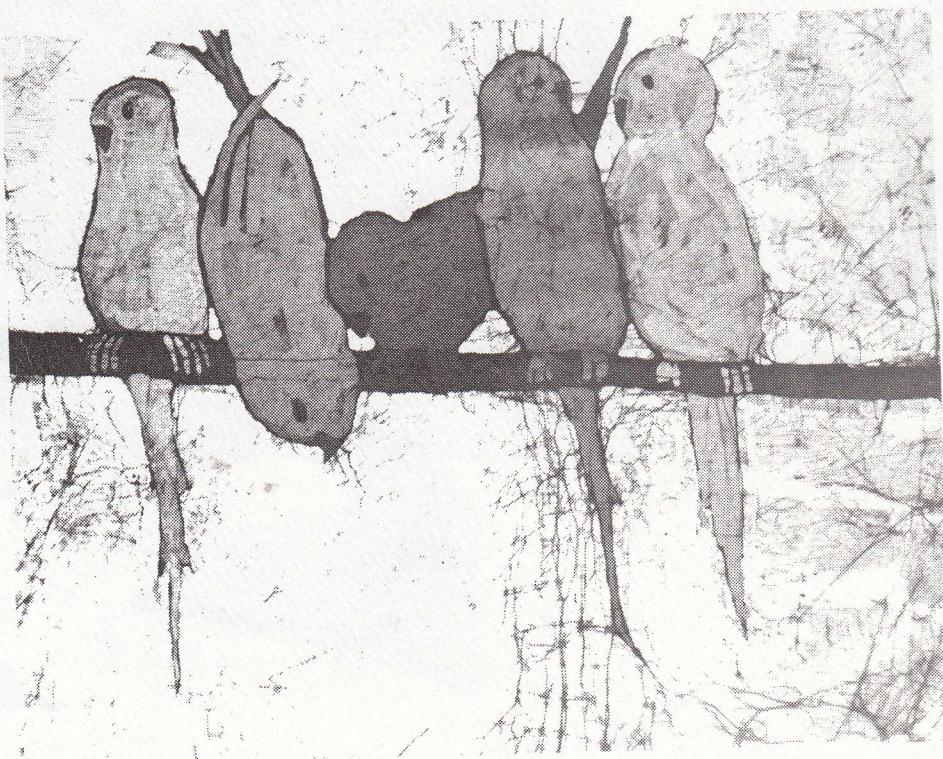


Andre Salz

Danny Klausner

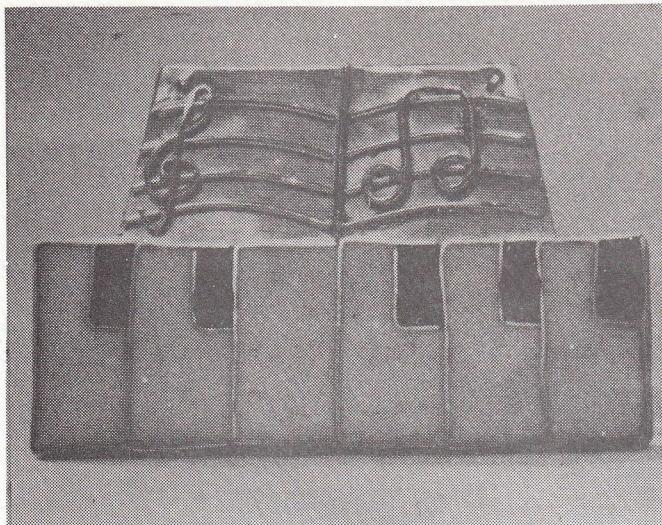


Jennifer Bayes





Donna Propp, Kira Simon, Ellen Shapiro, Laura Fink, Caryn Angelson, Lesley Topiol, Nancy Rubin, Stephanie Kaster, Julie Kunen, Laura Duberstein, Andrea Rosenfield, Robert Levine, Lisa Greenfield, Michelle Tessler, Jill Rubin, Jennifer Bayes



Robert Kurpatwa



Corinne Schiff, Julie Poltar, Laura Strauss, Julie Kunen, Sandy Poresky, Danny Klausner, Beth Kissileff



Dana Wile

Samantha Epstein



Janice Greene

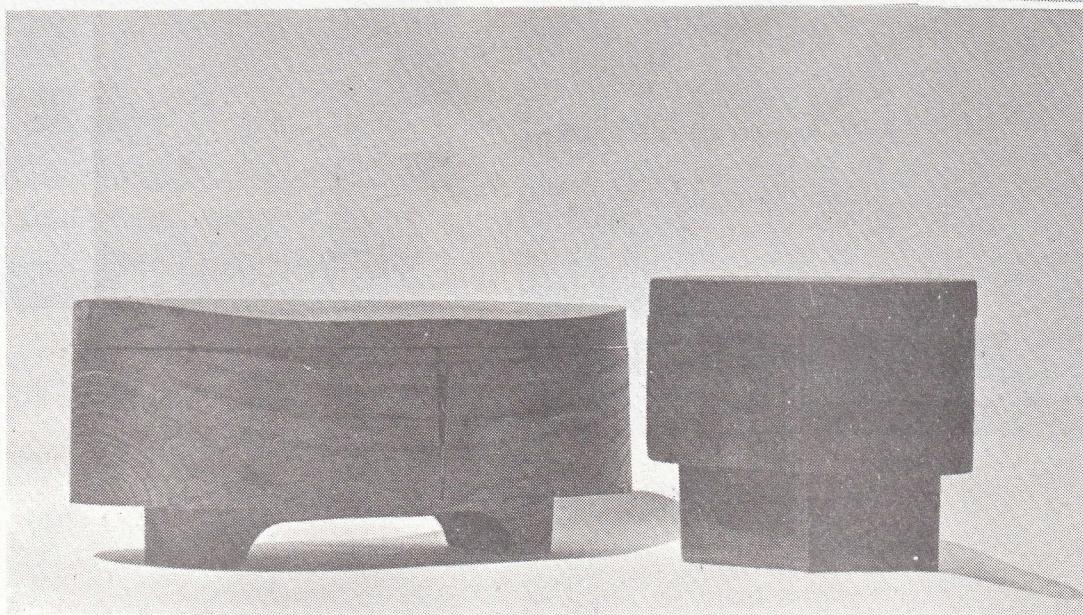
Julie Pimsleur



Erika Goodman

Corinne Schiff

Josh Nathan





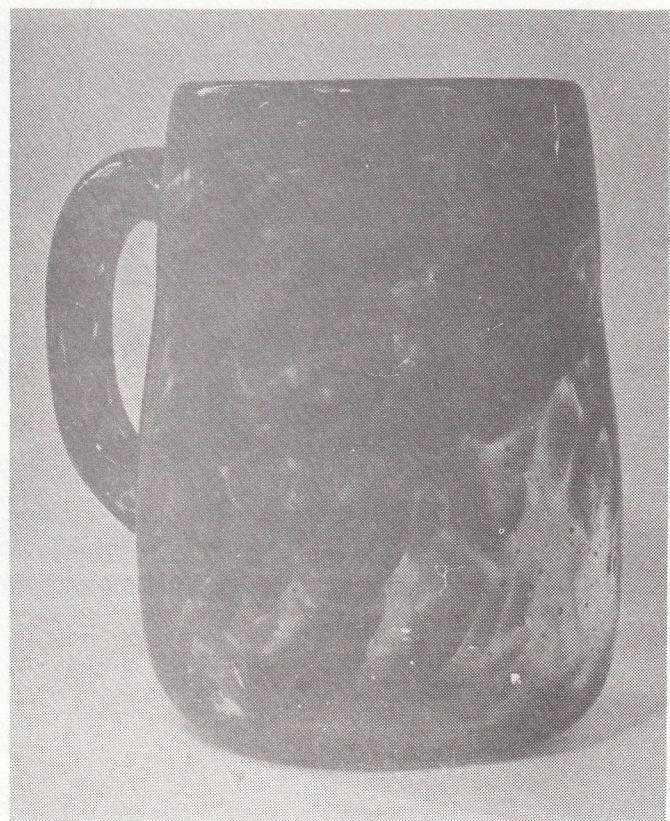
Eddy Kopel

Julie Simon

Steve Pudell



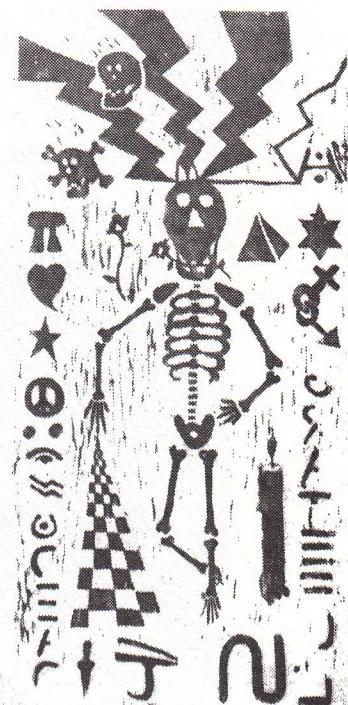
Josh Heller



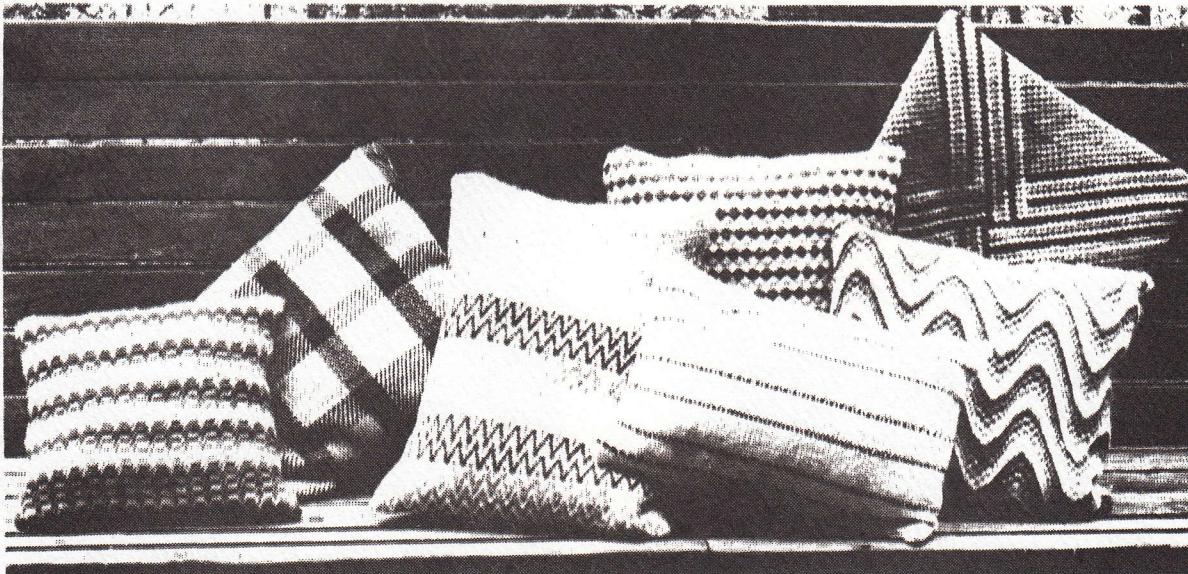
Doug Friedman



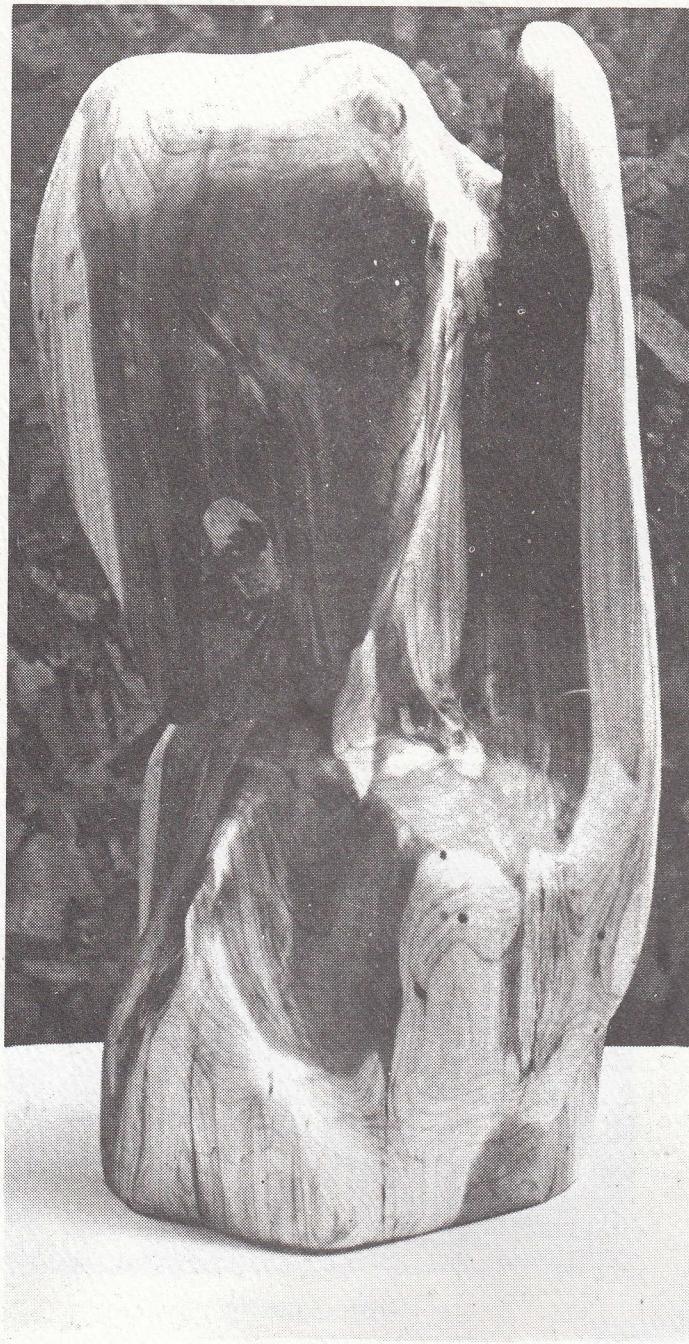
Edward Kopel



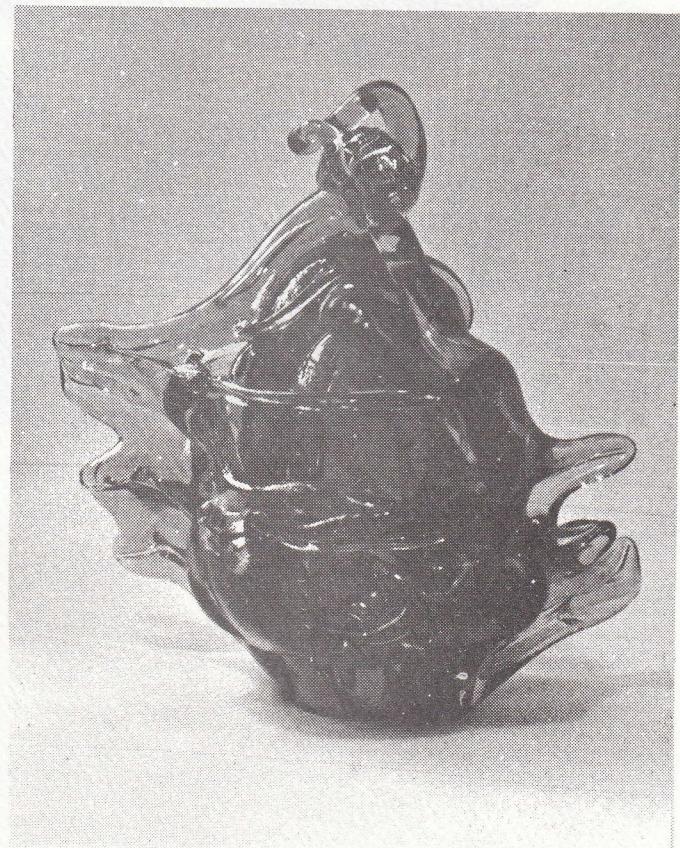
Larry Greenberg



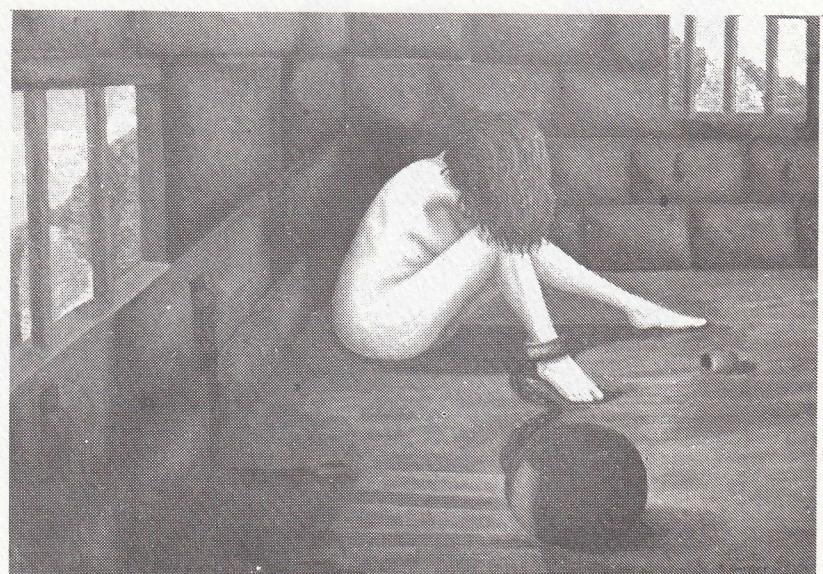
Sharon Liebowitz, Beth Pomerantz, Siobhan Creem, Sandy Poresky, Jody Cutler,
Ann Cherkis, Jennifer Bayes



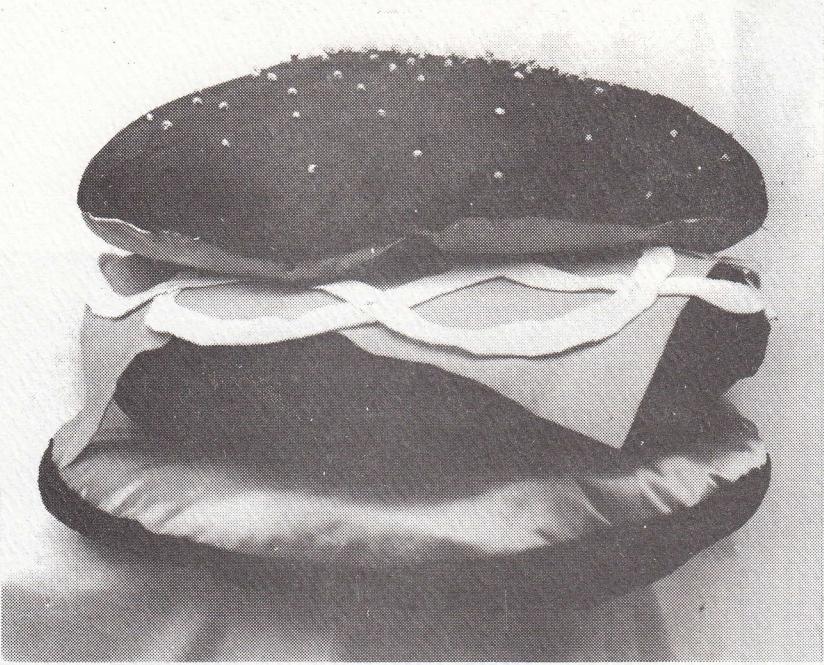
Toby Deligtisch



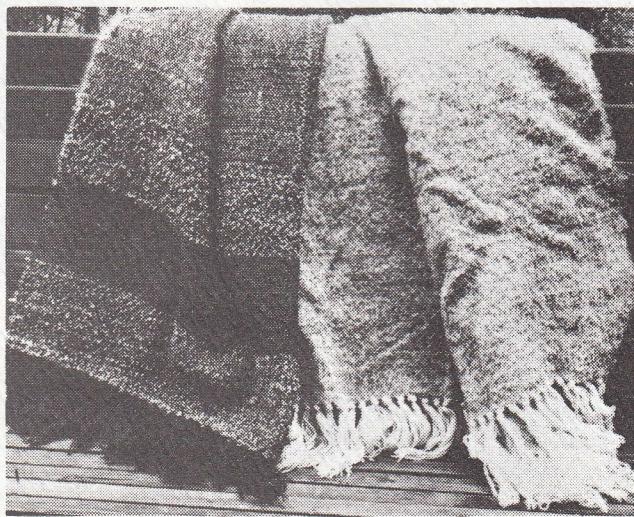
Jason Wielmer



Jennifer Barger



Julie Pottak



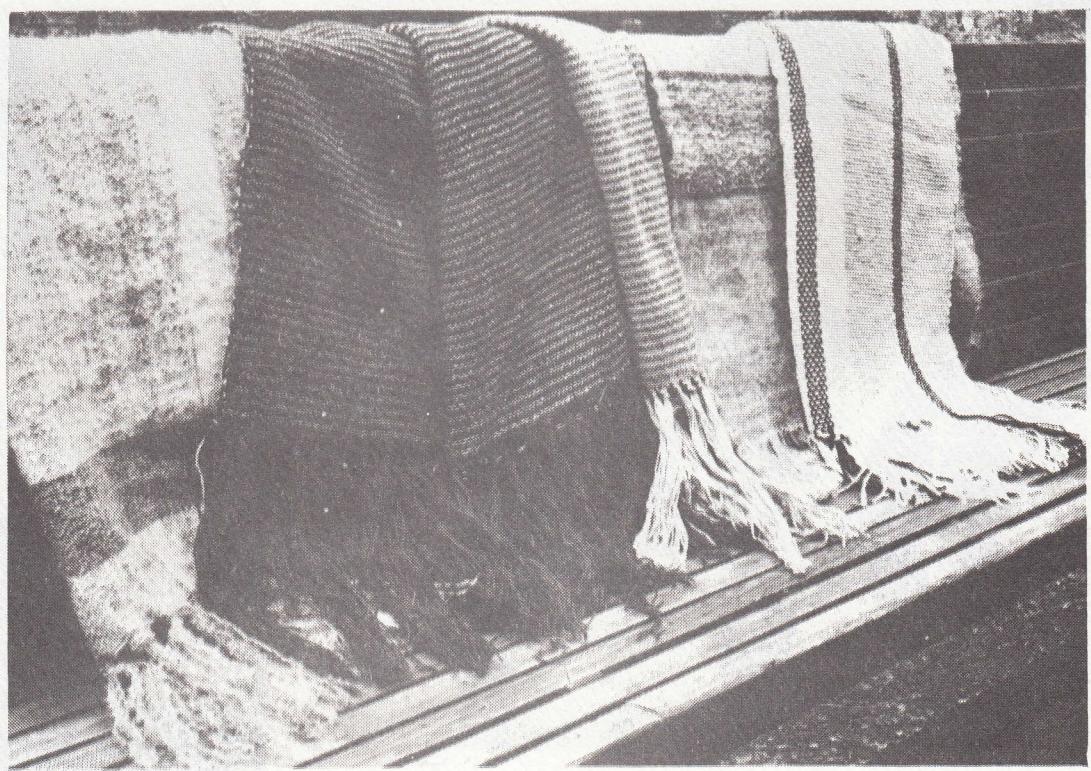
Dina Paston
Susan Hill



Julie Pottak



Danny Klausner



Keri Chernuchin, Donna Grossman, Jody Cutler, Jayne Steinberg



Sprague Callory

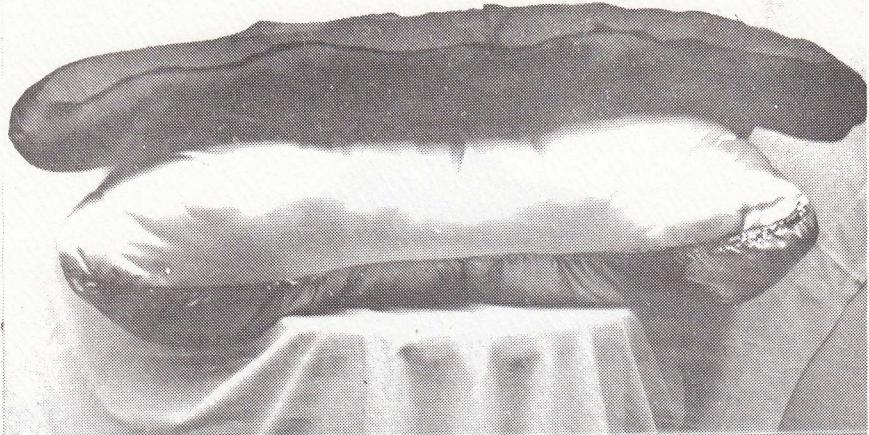
Samantha Epstein



Katie Fleissner



Kristen Roberts



Karen Angelson



Bethany Grenald



Marnie Silberman



Jamie Friedenberg



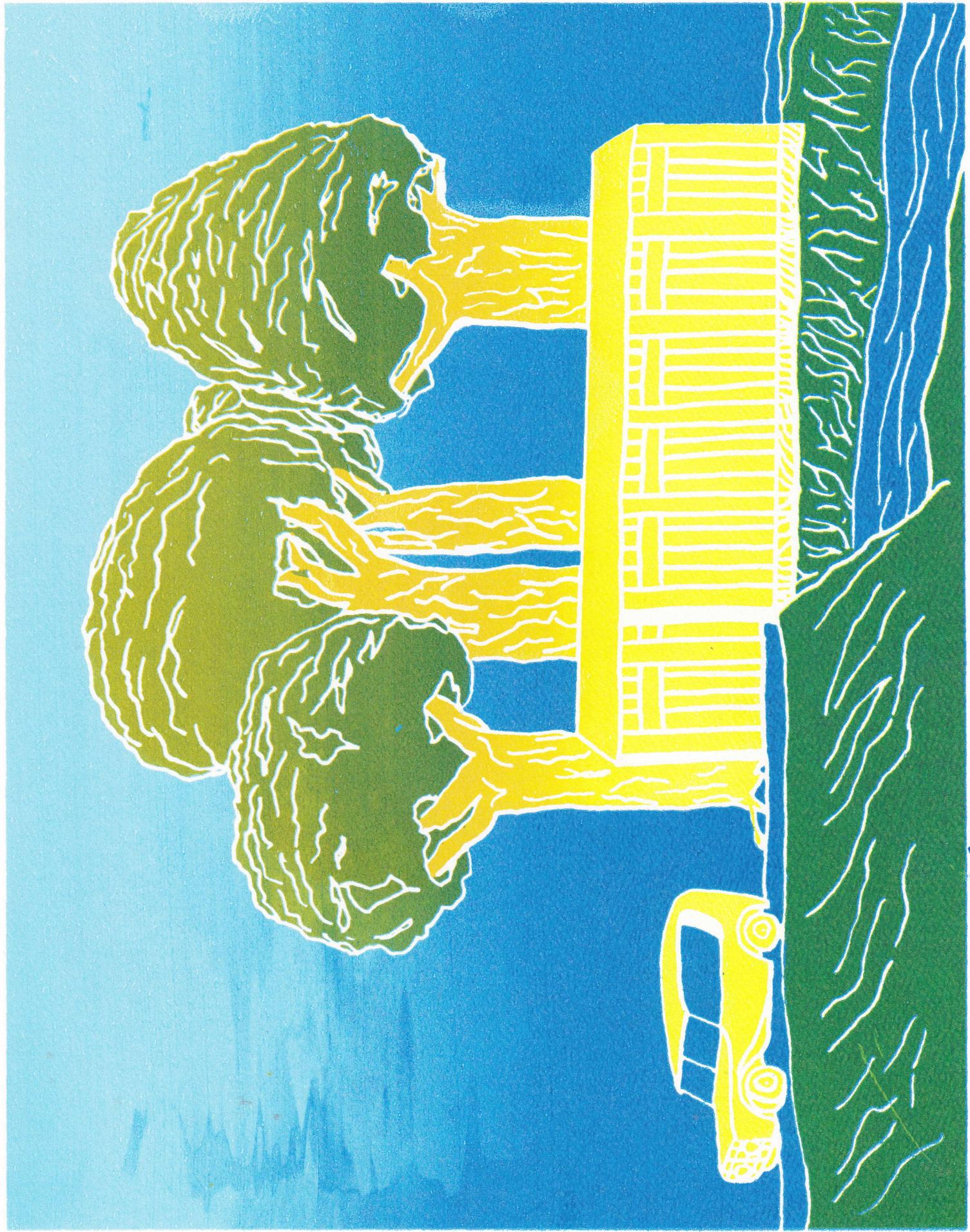
hats:

Jana Weiss
David Stein

vests:

Ilene Stern
Marc Athens
Nichole Neretin

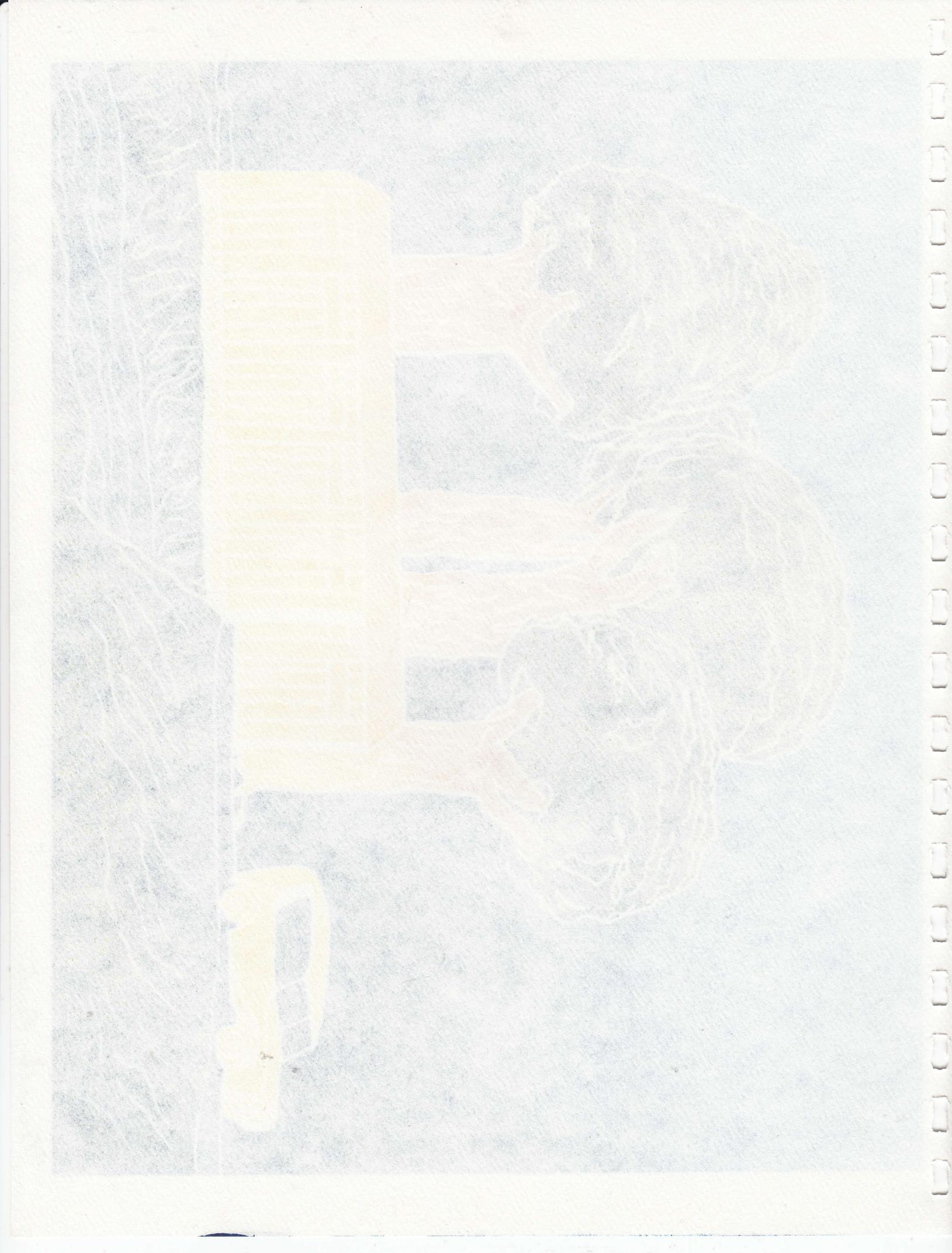
wallet and strap: Mitchell Siegel



Bonnie Bond

977/1000

Eternally Bright



down

negative opposites run
through my head
my heart sinks
an elevator
going down
blue black and grey swirl me.
the tears don't fall for fear
of flooding
my throat clutches
the lump
and does not meet the tears

Lisa Cooper

The section of time is so small
And I don't know why
I build idols.

The section of time that passed
was so short,
And I don't know why
You kicked it down.
Dry eyed I watch you
Foot poised in artistic disdain
My mountains topple,
Yours never do
 So quietly,
 I move away
 To build idols
 For you and others to kick down
 While yours move
 Slightly
 In the breeze.

Anne R. Edelson

She woke up with a feeling of dread. She knew today was the day; the day she would have to leave the comfortable refuge of her home, and face people her age, totally on her own. It wasn't as if she was going to miss her parents, they never understood her anyway. She just felt more comfortable at home. She pulled on her faded jeans and her favorite t-shirt, brushed her hair, washed up and was ready to go.

"Darling!" her mother called from the foyer, "Time to go."

"Coming mother," she called back as her father honked the horn of their silver Mercedes. She walked slowly down the stairs, Le Sport Sac over her shoulder, tennis racket in hand and pulling her trunk behind her. None of these objects were really her, but bought by her mother in Bloomingdales for camp. She really would have preferred her worn denim school bag to the ugly purple parachute material. And the tennis racket; she hated tennis, the only reason her mother had bought it was because you had to know how to play tennis to join the "teen club" at the country club. She got into the car and her father started the engine up and backed out of the driveway.

"Goodbye house, see you in two months. How will I be able to face all those new people? What if they hate me? I don't want to go through with this."

"Darling?" She jumped as her mother's voice broke her train of thought.

"Yes, mother?"

"Please don't look so upset, it doesn't suit you at all."

"Yes mother." At that moment her father let out one of his many gruff comments, "You're so unthankful, you don't give a damn about this summer away at camp. You'd be happy just to stay in your room all summer, I'm no fool! She should be happy and excited, when I was her age I would have killed to go to summer camp!"

"Father, please, I do want to go away, I am Happy, I just can't imagine how I'm going to get along with all these new people."

Her father snorted in disgust at her words. "Hah! Why should you have any problem making friends? You're a very nice beautiful young lady. You will make plenty of friends. Don't worry."

She wished more than anything that she could believe what he was saying. She sighed and started fiddling with the window handle. It occurred to her that it was her life not theirs. All the years she was growing up they told her what to wear, how to look, how to act and what to be. But now that she didn't need them to tell her these things, she could be her own person without displeasing them. She wanted them to respect and be proud of her. She didn't really want to rebel against them, she wanted to please them.

Liz Frankel

DUSK Elizabeth Prenner

Twilight spreads across the sky,
blue splashed with violet.
It darkens above our heads.
We sit in silence,
as the night envelopes us
in layers of chilled black satin.
I lean towards you,
reaching for your warmth.

by **N**ikki **F**eist

I was a painfully average teenager.

I was female with average grades, a bit of acne, and just fair to middlin' looks.

I, of course, had a best friend who was gorgeous and who wound up stealing my boyfriend: the boy we'd both had a crush on asked me out (making me almost faint) but then deserted me for my good-looking friend.

Well, normally this story of my first broken heart would have ended up in one of two ways.

Either the boy I like would drop my ex-best friend and come back to me because we have more in common, or I would get a new boyfriend - the quiet, shy guy I had always known, but never really gotten to know.

And that was normalcy for you. I knew it would happen that way because I'd read the story in "Seventeen" too many times, but I decided to break away from the flock and be innovative.

Besides, I liked killing things.

The first thing I did was knock off Scott.

He had betrayed me.

What I did was fashion a type of plastique explosive by melting down some dynamite I'd found in my father's office. Then, using my Driver's Ed. manual turned to the sabotage section, I rigged up the explosive to the under-side of Scott's car so that it would blow up if he accelerated past six miles per hour.

I don't like to brag, but it went off perfectly.

Then I set to work on my ex-best-friend, Linda.

We were growing mold cultures in Bio, and I grew a special one.

With a recipe clipped out of the "Family Circle Drugs You Can Make at Home" supplement I grew an LSD culture.

When it was ready I sneaked into Linda's house one night and doused her bread-box.

Darn! Wouldn't you know it? Linda had just started one of her totally unnecessary diets and couldn't eat bread.

Her sister, however, had a peanut-butter fluff sandwich, and later moved to Greenwich village to deal in opiates.

There was just one person who could help me now, and I went over to see him right after school.

I had known Todd as long as I had known Linda, but Todd was remarkable in that he had a strange hobby. Some people like to water-ski, and my grandmother used to collect miniature glass cat models, but Todd's hobby was really unique.

Todd created mutants.

He was very good, and had even expanded his hobby into a summer job, "Todd's Things." It was successful, but every now and then he would whip something up for a friend. Once I had asked him to cross a parakeet and an elephant, and he got a small leathery creature which died easily.

Yup, Todd was my last hope.

I was let into the house by Todd's mother, who was wearing an attractive khaki outfit that had been used during the Vietnam war to protect soldiers from chemical warfare. Her oxygen mask encumbered her speech, so she simply gestured to me where Todd was.

As I descended the steps of the family's former rumpus room which Todd had claimed for his workshop, I was struck with awe. The whole room was bathed in an eerie, purple light ("Gotta protect the embryos" Todd later explained) and cages and apparatus lined the walls.

In one corner was a huge glass aquarium that contained furry, cycloptic things that scurried about. "Metal Eating Blobs" the sign on the tank read, "Do Not Toss \$"

In another tank was what appeared to be pastel colored footballs. Upon closer examination, they were revealed to be gigantic, toothy rats.

Metal eating blobs-fine. Pastel colored killer rats-peachy keen.

Those I could handle, but as I looked around, my eye caught a bright object at the back of the room.

It appeared to be a nuclear chicken.

And where was Todd?

Suddenly, I heard a scuffle from behind a cabinet, then I heard moans.

From time to time, a blond head popped up for a second, and once I thought Todd's head did too.

Fine, Todd was having fun with some blond creation, and I was just wasti-

I stopped short. Suddenly, I saw something flying toward me, and fast. I ran screaming to the rat tank, ducking from whatever it was. God only knew what terrible thing Todd had fashioned. I prepared myself for death, when the worms gave a terrible screech in unison and shriveled, and dropped to the ground.

I looked to my side. There was Todd, holding an aerosol can,

"Sorry," he said, "sometimes the worms react badly to company."

"I'm glad they get along with your little friend." I said, gesturing to the blond who had her head cocked inquisitively, like the dog on "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir."

"Oh, her," he said casually, "new creation of mine. I call her the Meandering Slut. She's great fun at parties."

"I can imagine. Listen, I need your help." I outlined what I needed quickly, and Todd told me not to worry.

As his slogan said, "Next day service guaranteed, or you get a clone of the mutant at half price."

We talked for a while, but I was anxious to get away, due to the proximity of the glowing, radioactive chicken who was scratching for grain alarmingly near to my legs.

The next day I was so excited that I could hardly concentrate in school.

As soon as school was out I ran all the way to Todd's house.

What would my mutant look like?

I went straight down to Todd. I knew my thing was ready because the set up in the lab had changed since yesterday. There was a tank right in the middle of the floor. And

inside was a wrapped figure. My very own mutant!

Todd got to work as soon as I came in. He sang a snatch of an old tune as he worked at removing the bandages.

"In just seven days...I can make you a man..."

The mutant was almost ready.

"Now close your eyes, and open them when I say 'now'." Todd instructed me.

I closed my eyes.

"Now!"

When I opened my eyes, I gasped.

It was the male counterpart of the Meandering Slut.

I could see what her attraction at parties was.

My mutant was over six feet tall, blond haired, blue eyes, and clad only in a pair of gold short-shorts.

I rushed him home.

The next day in school I introduced him as my new boyfriend from Stuyvesant. Linda immediately carted him off. I had guessed correctly that she couldn't resist anything that was mine.

I had named my creation 'Rocky' after a cat I had once owned, now Linda and Rocky were inseperable.

He went everywhere with her, and she even took him to her favorite store, Bloomingdales where she bought him some of the stores patented "Bloomies" so that Rocky wouldn't have to go around all day dressed in just the golden trunks. I waited for a few weeks until they got really close, then I took Rocky home, and borrowed the Meandering Slut.

The next morning at school, I introduced her as my new boyfriend, and true to form, Linda swept her away.

Linda followed the same pattern with Meandering as she had with Rocky and after another two weeks, or so, I brought Rocky in once again.

I introduced Rocky to the slut.

It was a case of love at first sight. Creature meets thing. Rocky and Meandering ran away together. Linda was heart-broken at having her two loves leave her for each other. She eventually killed herself by showing up at Dalton School in Levis. She died of embarrassment, but it was suicide.

And what happened to me?

I became Todd's lab assistant.

Camouflage

Walking down the highway
hoping for a ride
living my life my way
I've not a thing to hide
I'm my only true companion
But my hopes are still alive
With my cheap guitar, my heart and soul
I've managed to survive.

It feels so satisfying
When the wind blows through my hair.
I don't know what makes me feel that way
But I know for sure its there
And when the evening turns to night
there's something special in the air
that makes me think how good it feels
to be able not to care.

That night I lay beside myself
and took a look inside
and I realized that for all this time
my real dream was denied.
my thoughts refused to rest that night,
contentment left the air
and I realized that my happiness
was camouflaged despair.

by Rachel Lirtzman and Liz Sher

Innocence
is
Bliss...

by
Jennifer
Fleissner

He was looking at her. Big dark eyes, rich and full as pools. She loved the way his eyelashes dipped over his lids, full and feathery, like small leaves swishing up and down over his eyes. She loved the keen, fine arch of his brows, giving him a quizzical, intelligent gaze, an inquisitive, probing stare. In those eyes, so deep, so kind, she saw a rare and compelling beauty.

And he was looking at her. She couldn't bring herself to look back, but stole glances at him furtively out of the corner of her eye. How could he stare for so long? She was captured, drawn by his magnetism.

The five-second interval during which Alan North glanced at Heather Connally ended.

"So what's with you'n Alan?"

Sammy Kates, "The Information Center," was leaning over the stooping girl, cracking her gum noisily. She blinked almost non-stop, her lashes blue with mascara and her eyelids iridescent gold.

Jayne Barrows looked up annoyedly. "Nothing is 'with me'n Alan,'" she informed Sammy coldly. "He's a jerk, OK? It's over." And with that she picked up her books and marched down the hall, Sammy spilling her own as she stumbled after her.

"What's going on with Jayne, huh?" Bruce Merlin, possibly good for nothing but trivia, was hanging over Alan North, noshing loudly on a hard roll with ham. "Anything happening?"

Alan North spun around furiously. "Listen," he hissed, menace in his voice. "Screw Jayne, okay? Screw her!"

Bruce grinned toothlessly. He actually hadn't lost all his baby teeth yet, at 15. "I wouldn't m—"

"I'm serious, moron!" shouted Alan, glaring at him. "Don't mention her, okay? Just don't!"

Bruce Merlin, nervous as hell, still had the good graces to answer his buddy's fury with a goofy grin. "Sure," he said amiably, smiling. "No problem. Anyway, you really wanna know Almira Kurtz' record?"

Soon her dreams began to reflect only him, her thoughts to mirror only his radiance. To her, he seemed godlike. It must be love, she told herself again and again. Heather Connally had found love.

Every time he spoke it was like a song. Every time he glanced her way, she caught her breath in admiration. How could she help realizing his inner glow? He was magnificent, special. She could feel it. They were destined to meet. They had to.

She even loved the sound of his name- Alan. It was hard, determined- but gentle, aristocratic. It fit him perfectly.

Yes, Heather Connelly was definitely in love.

"Hi, A-lan," called out Sammy Kates in an annoyingly singsong voice. Jayne Barrows jabbed her viciously. Sammy giggled.

Bruce Merlin's eyes looked ready to pop out of his skull. "Lookit—"

The words died down as Alan North delivered a swift shove to his side. Bruce staggered back. "But, lookit—"

"Hello, Alan," said Jayne Barrows coldly.

"Hi," he said coolly, still glaring at Bruce.

Sammy Kates yawned and glanced down the hall. A pale, confused-looking girl was approaching them. Sammy lazily

stuck out her foot and tripped her. Emitting a marvelous shriek, the girl fell heavily on the ground, right between Jayne Barrows and Alan North.

Sammy Kates giggled.

Jayne Barrows looked down at the girl writhing at her feet. She'd seen her in homeroom, but hadn't paid much attention to her. A new girl, quiet- devoid of much personality or spirit, at least on the surface. She stared down at this creature, unsure whether to react with sympathy or revulsion for her plight. She was obviously below Jayne's level socially, which would make it fairly simple for Jayne to ignore the incident and walk away without any further difficulty. Perhaps that would be easiest. Jayne poked Sammy. "Come on," she said.

But Alan North bent down and put his hand on the girl's arm. "Hey," he said. "You okay?"

Bruce Merlin looked confused. He cocked his head to one side.

The girl moaned and rolled over. She saw Alan and made a muffled sound of shock.

"You want to go to the nurse?" Alan asked.

Heather Connally stared up at her savior. "Take me," she whispered.

Alan North smiled.

"Did you see that?" Sammy Kates gasped, as she and Jayne walked away. "God, I coulda died! And Alan! What a jerk!"

Jayne closed her eyes. "Can't you see? It's all an act. Alan North, good citizen. Helping the wounded. Ugh!"

Sammy's smile died down. "Y'mean-"

"Exactly," Jayne continued bitterly. "He's trying to make me look bad by acting like Mr. Humanitarian this year. He's such a hypocrite," she added contemptuously.

"God, what a dog." Bruce Merlin whistled as he and Alan North walked away from the nurse's office. "At least you got away from Jaynie, huh? Say." He poked Alan. "Why the hell did you bother with that kid, anyhow?"

"Oh, c'mon." Alan North smiled. "You gotta admit. It

was worth it for the look on Jaynie's face."

Bruce Merlin burst out laughing. "Y'mean—"

"Move it, jerk," muttered Alan North. "We're gonna be late for class."

He had helped her. He had taken her to the nurse. "Are you okay?" He had cared. He'd looked into her eyes... "You want to go to the nurse?" And that other girl had set her lips really tight and walked away. Ha on you, he'd mine. He'd held her. They would be very, very close. She knew it. Very, very close...

Bruce Merlin poked Alan North. "Lookit," he whispered. "She's looking at you."

Alan made a strangled sound. He was right. The girl he'd helped was staring at him like people on soap operas stared at each other. Superstoned. Oh, shit. What had he done, anyway? Had he created a monster?

From the other side of the room, Jayne Barrows watched Alan North. She saw the girl too, and saw Alan's reaction. That, she thought smugly, is what you get.

Sammy Kates leaned over and poked her. "Jaynie—"

"Shut up!" Jayne hissed back. The teacher looked in their direction. "Jayne Barrows, stay after class."

As Jayne groaned, Heather Connally suddenly emitted a strange sound, a wailing cry that ended as abruptly as it began. The annoyed teach spun around. "And you too!"

Heather Connally burst into tears.

"I cannot believe this," said the teacher, slapping ruler against palm for emphasis. "You people are 15, for God's sake. Why do you have to act like six year olds?"

Jayne Barrows looked away coolly. Heather Connally looked down at her feet.

The door opened. "Oh, Sharon, may I speak to you for a moment?" It was a young teacher, smiling uncomfortably.

The teacher got up. "I'll be right back," she snarled. Don't either of you move!" She slammed the door.

Jayne Barrows sighed and looked away. Great. Stuck with this creep.

"She's pretty mean," said Heather shyly, looking timidly at the girl sitting beside her. She wore a little too much makeup, but she was very pretty.

Jayne rolled her eyes. "Harris? Pretty mean? You gotta be kidding. She's the bitch of the school."

"Oh," said Heather softly. She looked down. Then she looked up suddenly. "Have you ever been in love?"

Jayne blinked. Then she smiled wryly. "At 15? You gotta be kidding."

"It's not impossible," Heather said quietly.

Jayne looked at her. "You mean Alan?" she demanded.

Heather looked down again.

Suddenly Jayne felt a wave of compassion, no matter how gruff, for this girl, who was obviously naive as hell, and ugly besides. "Listen," she said. "Don't let him rope you in, okay? He's full of it. Don't listen to him. He'll just reel you in, then leave you alone."

"Alan wouldn't do that," Heather said stubbornly, picking at her jeans.

"You must be blind!" Jayne exploded. "Don't you know anything? It's all bullshit. Nobody loves anybody in 9th grade. Why don't you ask that Lora person he dropped me for? A week later he dropped her for Annabel! It just goes on and on. At least in this school. We had a long relationship, but that doesn't mean anything more. All they care about is status. Someday you'll find someone. But it sure as hell won't be Alan. He's a loser."

Heather stared straight ahead. "No," she said. "Not Alan."

"And I want to know just who you girls think you are!!" The teacher slammed the door again and stalked into the room.

He was looking at her. Not just for a few seconds, like before, but really looking at her. Heather straightened up in her seat. "And just who do you think you're staring at?" she demanded.

The Reunion of Ellen and Kandi

The year after Ellen arrived at the institution her father died of a heart attack. This event, had a shocking, emotional effect on Kandi and Ellen's relationship. It became apparent how greatly these sisters needed each other. Up until this point Kandi had never visited Ellen at the institution. On Ellen's 20th birthday her sister surprised her with a visit. Their father had died only a month before and Kandi felt the need to be close to her sister more than ever.

As Kandi approached the building she was shocked at how dark, dismal and dreary it looked. However, when she got to Ellen's wing, she was relieved to see that it was a neater, cleaner, more pleasant place. A nurse went to get Ellen while Kandi waited in the sitting area. Soon she was wheeled through the door and Kandi jumped up and walked quickly towards her. Ellen had so many mixed emotions: that of surprise, happiness, shock, being on the verge of tears. Kandi felt concern and curiosity about her sister.

Kandi ran over to Ellen and embraced her. They both started to cry. The tears flowed from happiness at being reunited, and also from sadness at the recent death of their father.

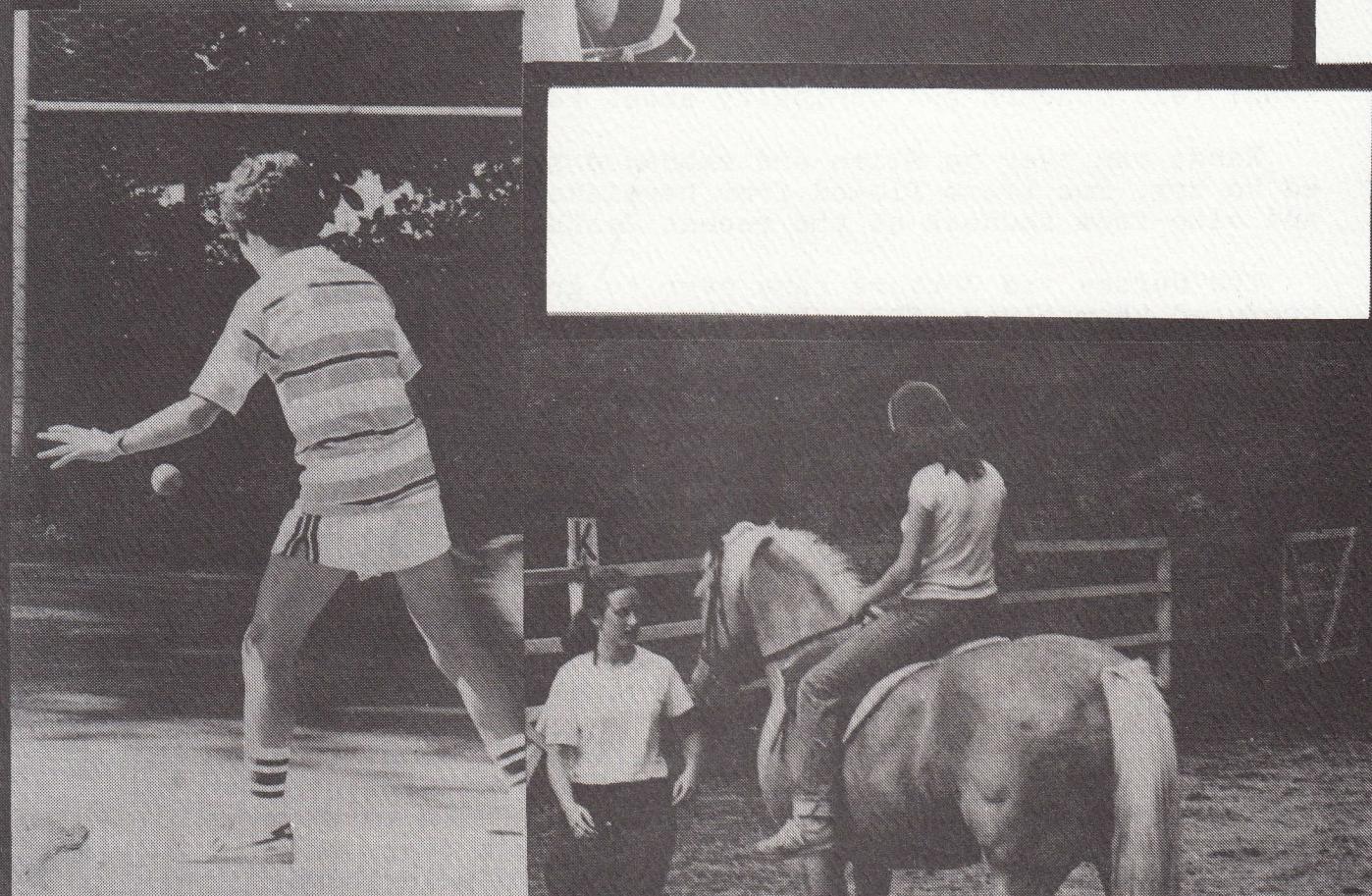
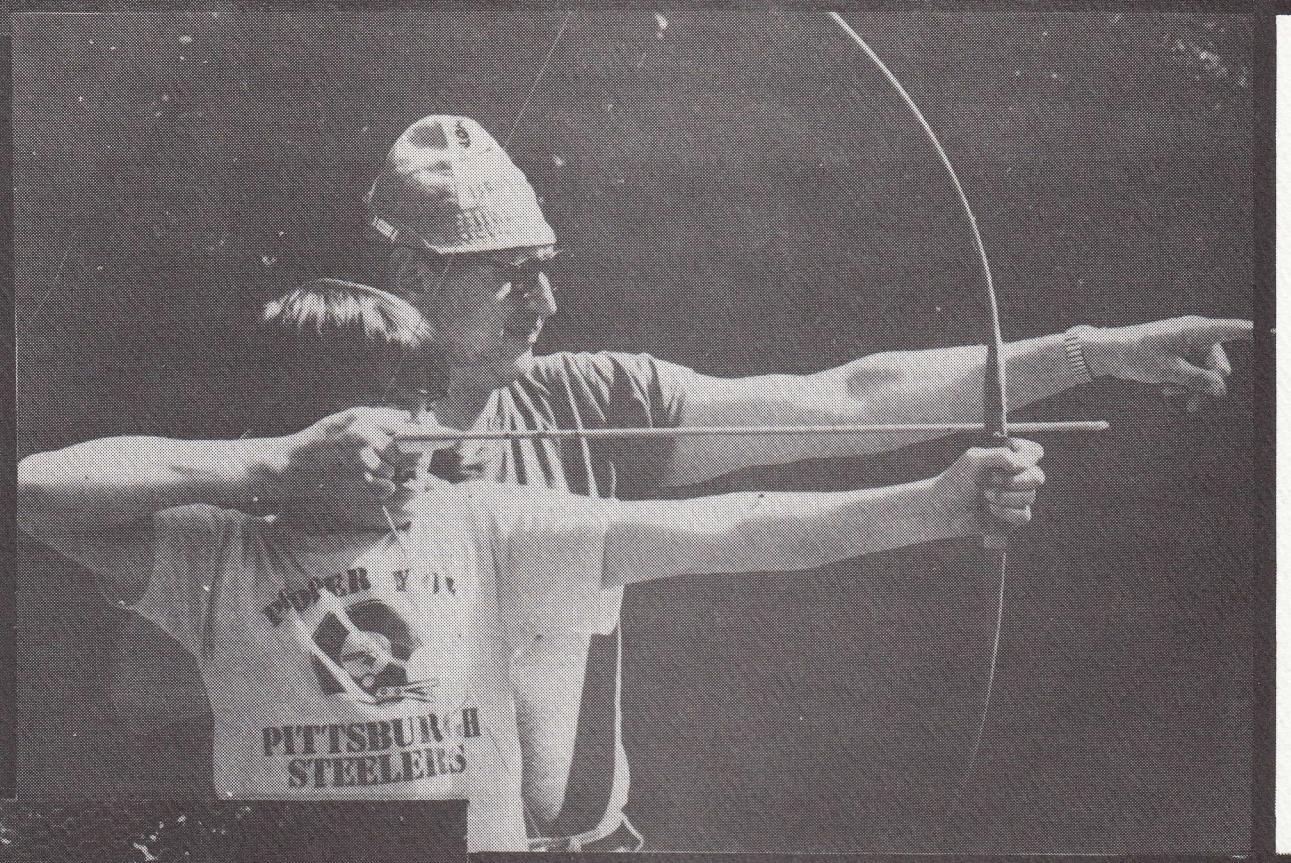
The nurses and doctors came over to greet Kandi and introduced themselves. She asked the medical staff about Ellen's condition. Dr. Anderson replied.

"Ellen's case has gotten better over the years, but of course we would like to see her out of the institution. Hopefully in six months Ellen will be well enough to leave here and start her life at home again. Of course she will have to return here frequently for physical therapy and medication and testing."

"Well of course I'll help in any way I can" exclaimed Kandi. "Whatever I can do, let me know and I'll try to do my best, I want what's right for my younger sister."

They looked at Ellen and realized she was crying. This time the tears were purely from happiness. Kandi understood that although her sister could not speak she was able to show her emotions in other ways. Right now Ellen's tears expressed the joy of knowing she would soon be going home.

Samantha Sherman



"Ira realized that campers wanted their teams to win, but learning new skills and working together was more important."

Yearbook, 1978

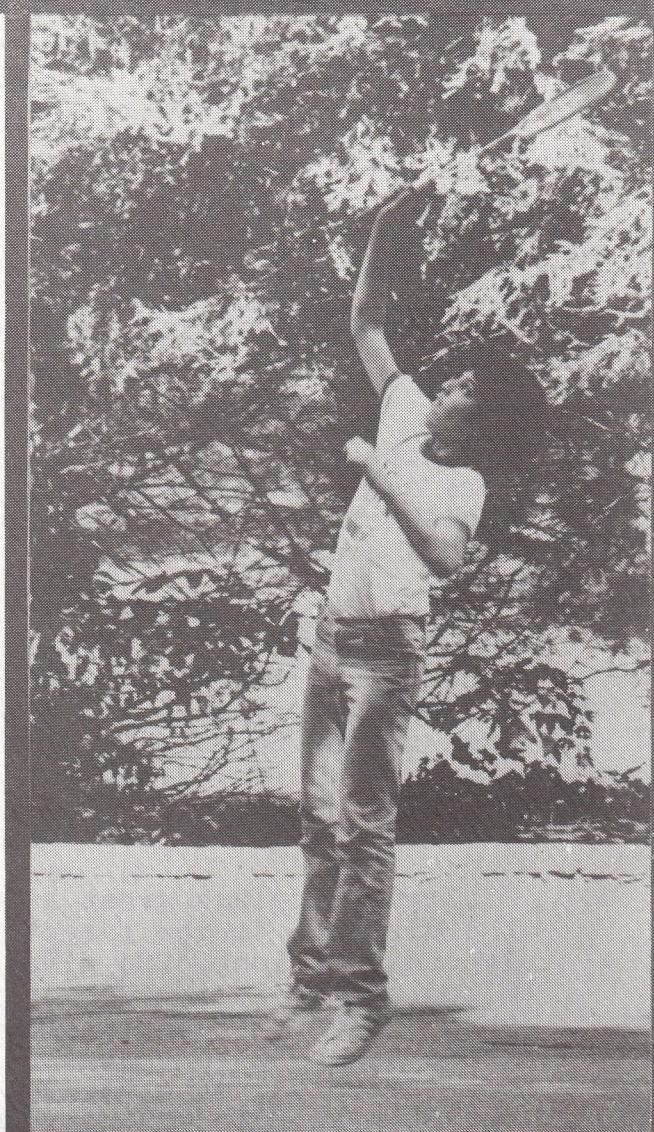
"Sports, unlike any other areas of camp life, offered us the chance to compete with each other in friendly rivalry."

Yearbook, 1959

"As a diversion from my creating in the shops, and hard work on the farms, I take time out for sports..."

"I compete through my own initiative to do so, because nothing is compulsory at Buck's Rock."

Yearbook, 1957



OUT HERE IN FIELDS

by Ken Levine

Another afternoon found me with nothing to do. Never before had archery seemed so appealing. I travelled to the field near the soccer pitch and told Irwin that I'd like to take a couple of shots.

I line up on the range, and Irwin yells, "Fire at will!" and I let the first arrow go. I hear a loud "BONK!" as the arrow slams into the wooden target stand. I nock another arrow and try again. "Phlipt!" the arrow slides into the red area on the target. Eight points.

Thirty arrows later, I had an armful of assorted awards for achieving the presitgious rank of yeoman.

Irwin displays great knowledge about archery. He measures the distance to the target with his foot. "My foot is exactly one foot long." He gives out medals and pins for the blood and sweat that comes with shooting arrows at fifteen yards. "Instant awards!" he'd exclaim. As you can tell, Irwin takes his job seriously. Irwin Winitch can probably best described as a tall man with dark hair who would probably melt if seperated from his Israel cap.

There are three targets to shoot at, one at fifteen yards and two at twenty. When going for the yeoman award you shoot at fifteen yards, but when trying for bowman you have to tack on an extra five.

The range is in the sun, but for some reason it stays cool, even with Irwin's warm sense of humor.

Next year, make sure you get to archery, for one day Buck's Rock Work Camp will become BUCK'S ROCK ARCHERY CAMP.



"Ira realized that campers wanted their teams to win, but learning new skills and working together was more important."

Yearbook, 1978

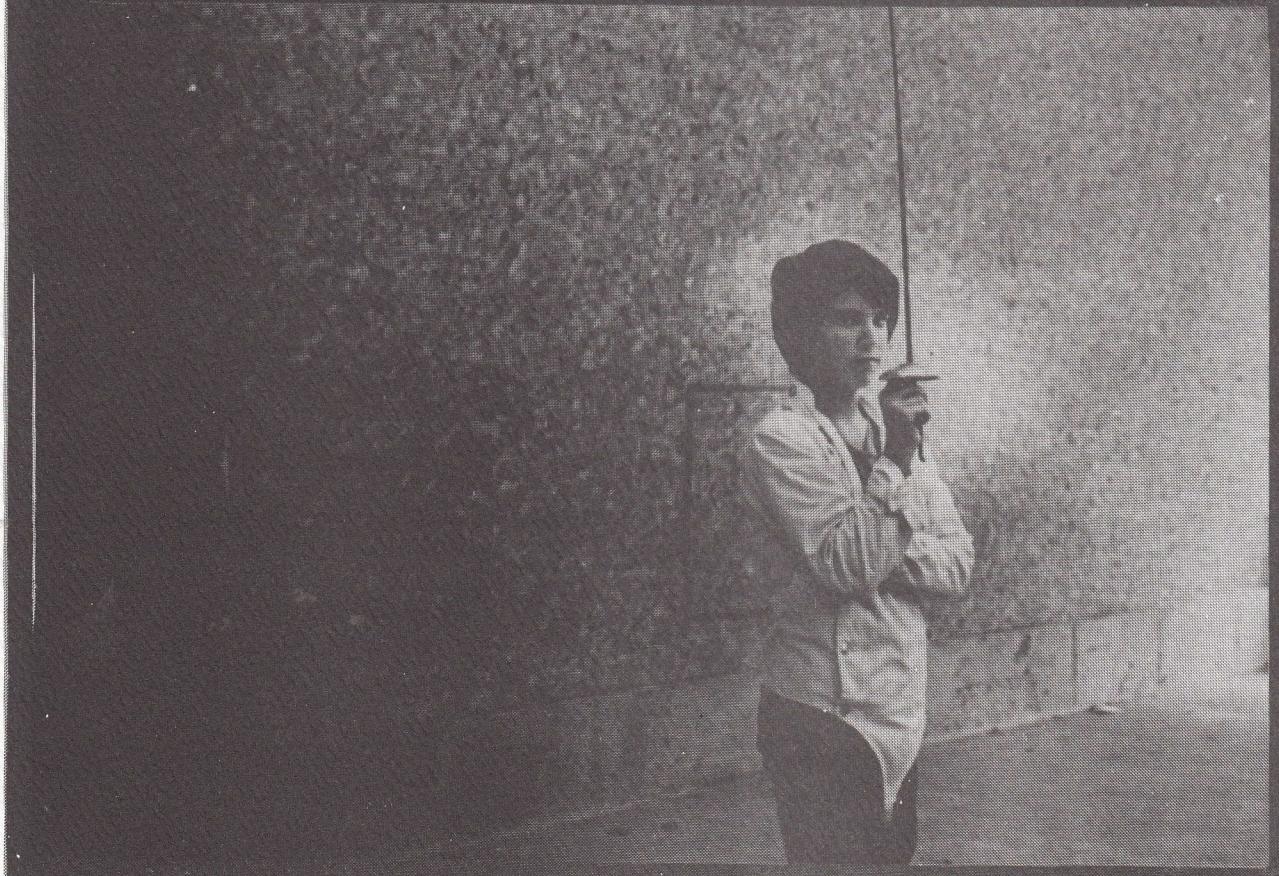
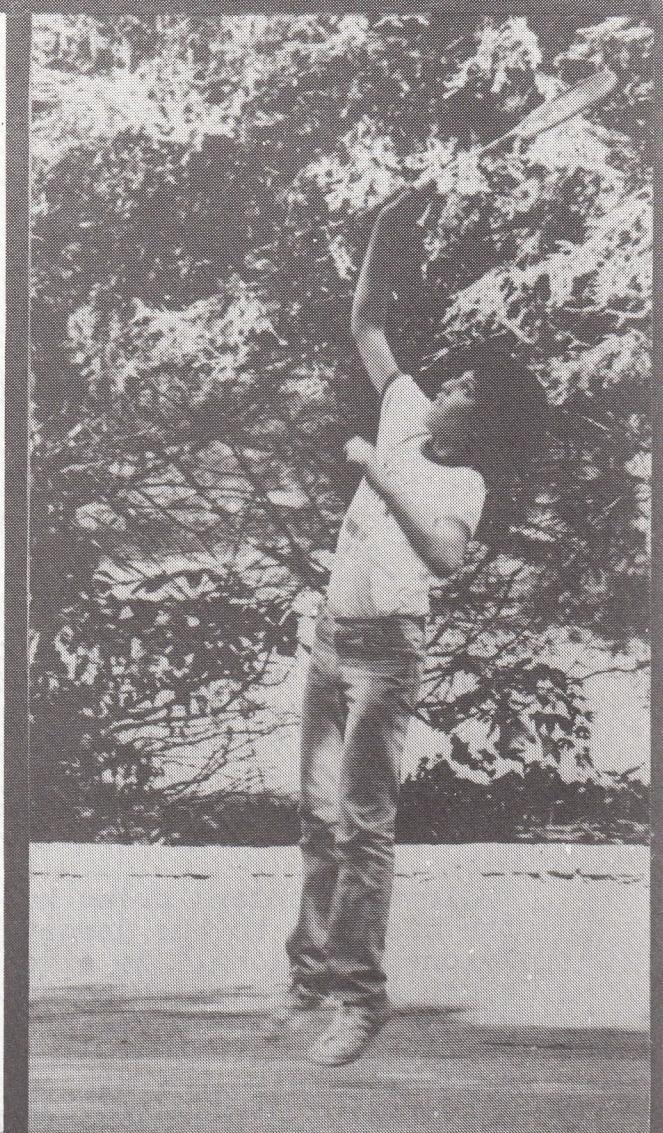
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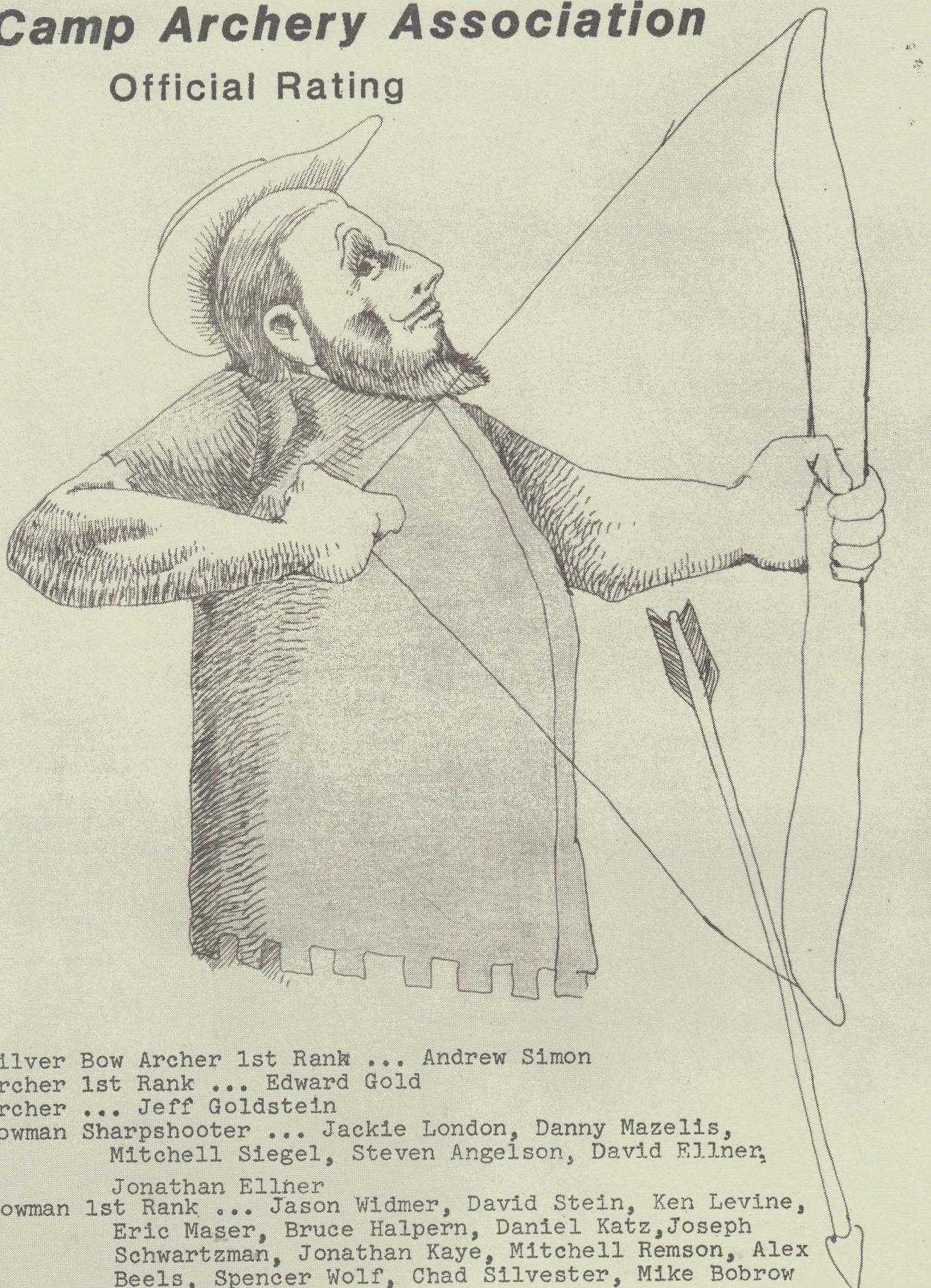
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Camp Archery Association

Official Rating



Silver Bow Archer 1st Rank ... Andrew Simon

Archer 1st Rank ... Edward Gold

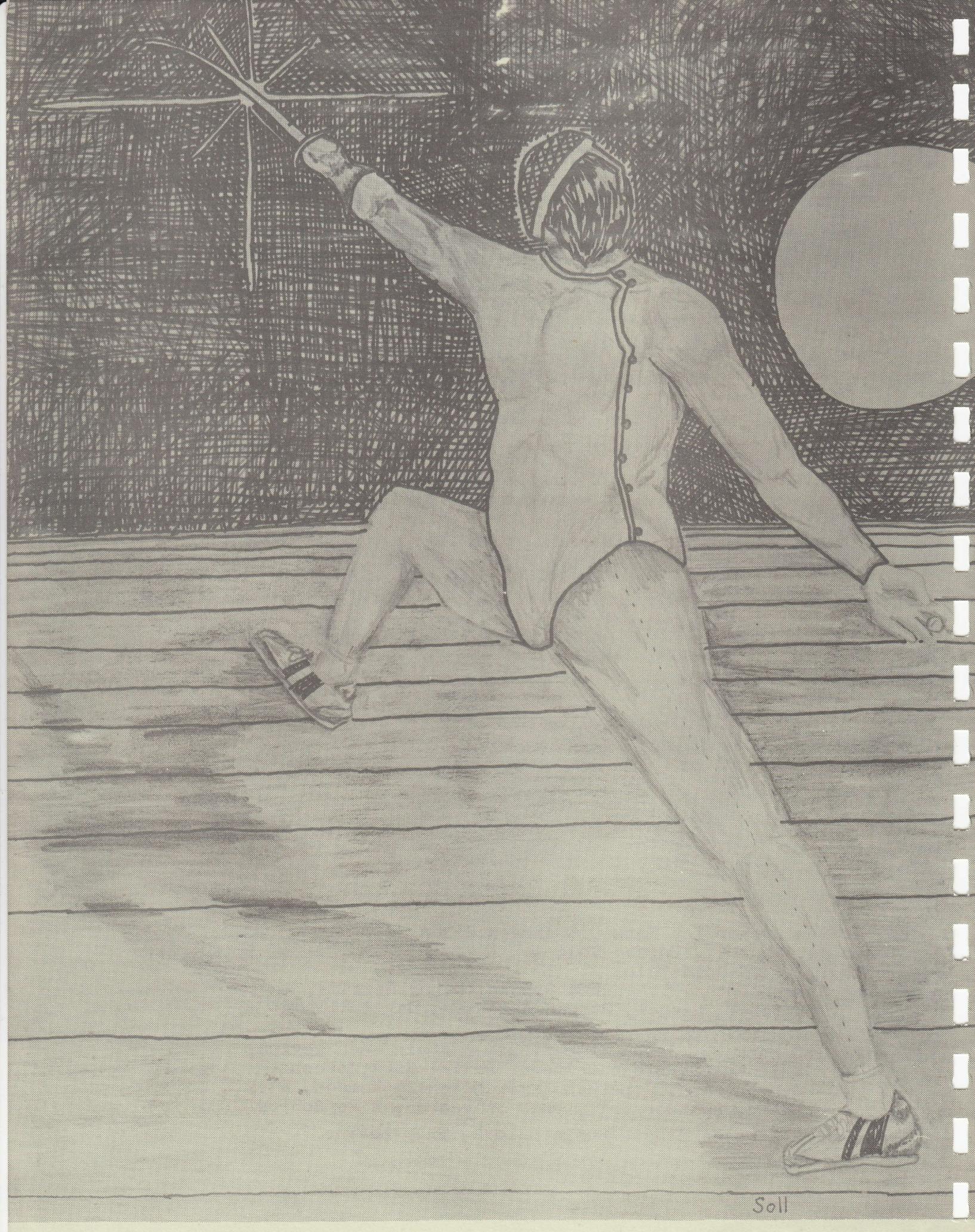
Archer ... Jeff Goldstein

Bowman Sharpshooter ... Jackie London, Danny Mazelis,
Mitchell Siegel, Steven Angelson, David Ellner,

Jonathan Ellner

Bowman 1st Rank ... Jason Widmer, David Stein, Ken Levine,
Eric Maser, Bruce Halpern, Daniel Katz, Joseph
Schwartzman, Jonathan Kaye, Mitchell Remson, Alex
Beels, Spencer Wolf, Chad Silvester, Mike Bobrow

Bowman ... Rebecca Bross, Susie Bulova, Troy Levine



Sell

This time, when George yelled fence, I let my opponent strike first. He also chose a beat lunge attack, but I used a 4th position parry and made my counter attack.

"Halt."

"Good."

"Good."

"2-0" Three more hits for the bout.

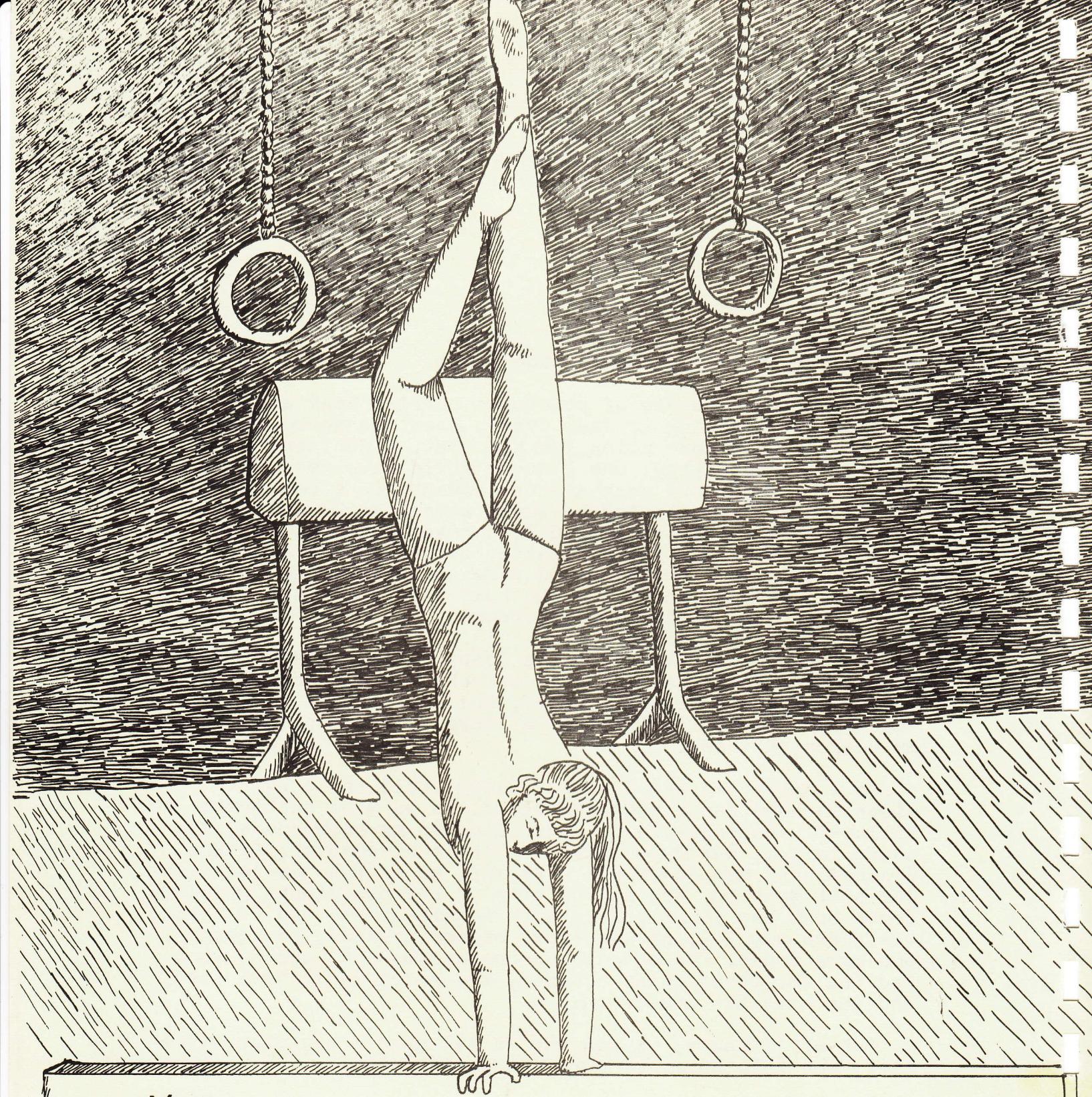
For the next couple of points we parried back and forth, occasionally jabbing at each other. Soon the score was four to nothing. One more point for the bout. I decided to try a very risky strategy; one I never would have used against anyone had I not had such a score advantage. I cautiously let down my guard, hoping he would attack so I could parry him and make my riposte. He didn't react. He just stared at me in bewilderment. After a matter of seconds, I got back into an en garde position and made an attack. The attack landed on target, and I won the bout 5-0, a perfect score. I played two more bouts that afternoon.

My second bout was against a lefty. This was difficult because you don't use the same attacks and defenses with lefties. Instead of beat-lunges, the best attack is a disengage or one-two followed by a lunge. These happened to be my weaker offenses.

As I scored my third touch, George told us to switch sides in accordance with the rules. As we were switching, the Hillcroft counselor said, "According to my scoresheet, the score is 2-1, not 3-1." After a little discussion, it was decided that her score was official, no matter how incorrect. The bout went on, and at the time of the one-minute warning, (each bout has four minutes with a halt at the end of three) the score was 3-3. As the final buzzer sounded, he scored one more touch. The official score became 5-4, and he won. Had the forgotten point counted, the score would have tied, and the next hit would win.

Out of 27 bouts, we won 24. We all gave a big sign of relief, and talk began of our forthcoming bout.

by Eric Young



Voit

Jennifer Barger

Gymnastics

I have been doing cartwheels, handstands, and a lot of other things that gymnastics at Buck's Rock.

Dee, the gymnastics counselor, has been mainly helping me with walkovers. However, when trying it by myself, I fall on my back or end up slamming my face against the mat. I walk over to Dee, complaining and asking her to help me. "Try it again, I'll help you when I'm done," she replies.

After an endless wait she finally helps me, telling me that I'll be a pro by the end of the summer.

Kicking my legs over I collapse forwards. I walk back to the edge of the mat sticking my sock-feet to the velcro. This time I get it. "Try it yourself!" she says, leaving me on the mat. I glance at the clock on the wall, opposite me: watching, waiting for it to read four o'clock.

by Katie Fleissner

WATERMELON LEAGUE



At night the softball field comes alive. There's cheering, jeering, and laughter. About 40 spectators attend each game. Anyone who wants to play is put on one of six teams. In this league, called the Watermelon League, the year's six team names are Altus, Dordt, Eveleth, Itawamba, Keokuk, and Poteau. The names always have something in common, for example, last year they were all Supreme Court justices. The Watermelon League is for fun and everyone gets to play at least half a game.

In the first half the standings were Altus 6-0, Eveleth 4-2, Poteau 3-2, Keokuk 3-4, Itawamba 1-5, and Dordt 0-5.

In the second half trades were made, along with August campers added and people choosing to play the second half to even things up. This seems to be working, since the standings as of this writing are:

Eveleth 4-0, Altus 3-1, Poteau 2-2, Dordt 1-2, Itawamba 1-2, and Keokuk 0-4. The captains of the teams are: Eveleth- Rich Biegen, Poteau- Danny Simon, Itawamba Jay David, Altus- Ira Weiss, Dordt- Mitch Levy, and for Keokuk- Dave Barret.

To make it fairer a counselor can pitch as fast as they want to another counselor, but a counselor must pitch slow to a camper. If a camper is pitching they can pitch as they want to anyone. The games are seven innings long. Only 2 out of 3 of the counselors can play at a time unless there is not enough campers. The only detracting factor of Watermelon League is sometimes a lack of sportsmanship in regard to the umpires, especially when a camper is umpiring; players yell at the umpire as an excuse when their team is losing. Despite this, the Watermelon League is a great way to have fun and get in shape at the same time.

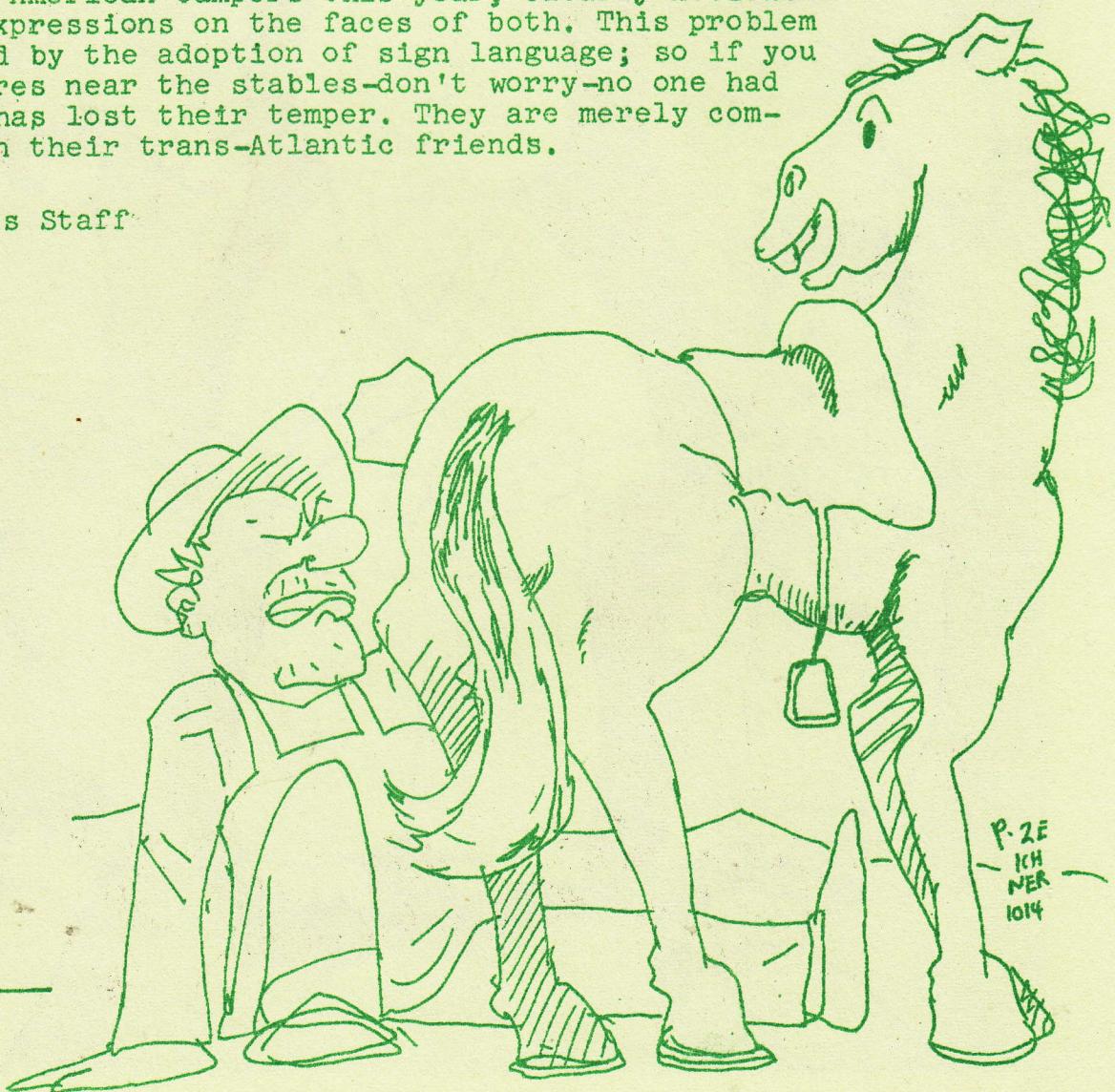
by JAMES EICHNER

THE STABLES

What fun we've all had this summer; screams of delight and occasionally other emotions pervade the air (visible on rare days through our insect friends, the flies.) Horses of all shapes and sizes gamely carry campers (of all shapes and sizes) through dust laden lessons and jungle style trail rides. As a bonus this year we are offering free cosmetic surgery in a variety of styles. The results are clearly visible on one of our counselor's nose, which has a definite tilt to the left—very fetching. In our consideration, we prevent the nurses from becoming bored by showing up with a random supply of bumps and scratches—just to keep them on their toes (mind the horse doesn't tread on your toes.)

A slight language barrier occurred between the British counselors and American campers this year, clearly noticeable by the blank expressions on the faces of both. This problem has been solved by the adoption of sign language; so if you see wild gestures near the stables—don't worry—no one had sunstroke, or has lost their temper. They are merely communicating with their trans-Atlantic friends.

by the Stables Staff





Karate: a sport, an art, and a tradition

Karate is a word often misunderstood. When people think of Karate, they think of Bruce Lee or Chuck Norris. Most think it is a game where the death of your opponent is the main objective. I've also come across people who have mimicked and mocked me when I've mentioned that I take Karate.

Karate is a very hard concept for me to explain. There are many types of Karate from many different parts of the Orient. But all these different styles are linked by the basics.

I take Tai-Kwon-Do, which is a form of Karate developed by the Koreans. It is a very hard style of Karate. It gives me a great workout while teaching fighting skills and concentration. This concentration is the spiritual side of the martial arts and is absolutely essential; you cannot function without it.

Higher ranks (belts) are achieved by learning harder tasks. One of the major benefits of karate is that it teaches you to have more control over yourself.

A normal karate class starts by stretching before the instructor arrives. When the teacher comes in we all form a straight line, and bow to the flag and to the teacher to show respect. The class is silent and no one is permitted to ask questions. We then start off with basic kicking, punching, and blocking exercises. The beginning exercises are continued with other moves and forms including free-sparring. When the class ends, we once again bow to the flag and to our instructor.

At times I often thought of stopping my classes. The pressure in the class was something I had never experienced in the past. After a while I stopped the classes, and started thinking of what Karate had done for me. I then decided to continue, hopefully for years to come.

Elliot Sokoloff



Soccer Soccer Soccer Soccer

Soccer is a very fast game, but there are always a couple of moments that seem to be in slow motion. The goalie will make a field kick, accompanied by a cry of "Ban Zai!" and the ball will float lazily through the air, apparently oblivious to the bodies leaping to block it. Usually it sinks to the ground a few yards in front of the opposing goal, and players charge for it with feet flying. At first I was reluctant to join this rush of kicking people: horrible visions of my mangled body lying on the grass. Certain things influenced me to do it, though, such as my team screaming at me to get the ball! Now I rarely return from soccer without footprints covering my socks. Thank God no one wears cleats.

Unless some quick person succeeds in giving the ball a strong kick before others reach it, it will just bump around in the cluster of people for several seconds, bouncing off shins and heels. Then it will finally be freed by a high, powerful kick. There's nothing quite like the feeling when your foot connects firmly with the ball and you watch it whirl across the field or leap towards the sky. This exhilaration comes from deep inside...the comments from your teammates don't hurt either:

"Great shot!"

"She finally got it!"

Unfortunately, I don't do that very often.
A good play on the part of one of the counselors results in mixed insults and compliments:

"Alright!"

"Ball-hog!"

"Really into balls, right, Derek?"

The counselors don't usually lower themselves to respond except perhaps with a grin or a bit of caustic wit. The campers, however, become increasingly vocal as the excitement heightens.

"Your mama wears combat boots!" shouts one boy as another boy takes the ball from him.

"Your mama eats combat boots!"

"Your mama is a combat boot!"

The second boy wins the point but loses the arguement.

The game ends somewhere between 8 and 8:30. People do continue playing despite the gong and darkening skies, but eventually it all breaks up as players head for evening activity or (like me) the shower.

There is, however, a movement for Derek to donate one of his psychedelic, floorescent socks to cover the ball with (hopefully they're stretch socks) so it can be seen after dark. Which would look better--yellow or orange?

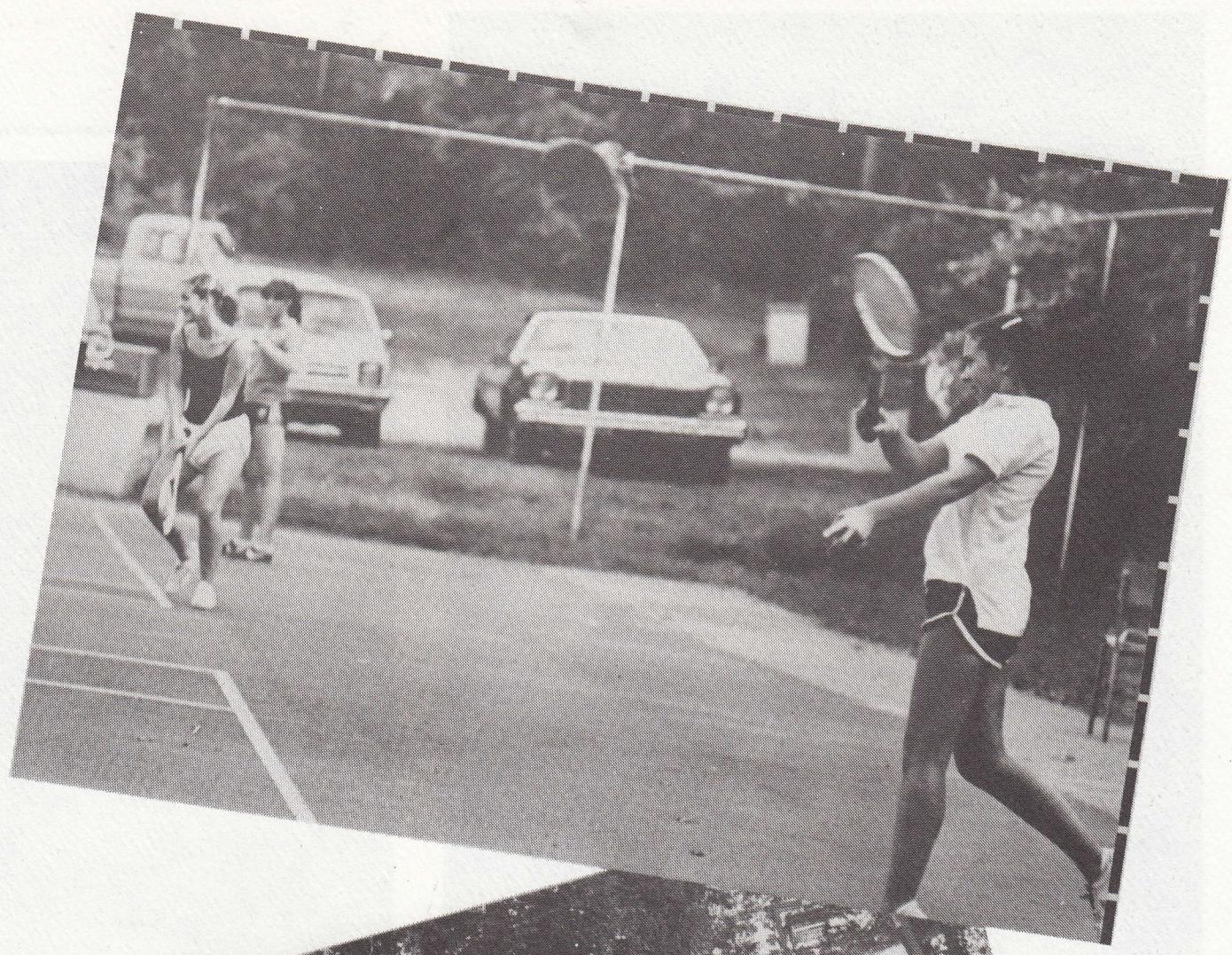
TENNIS

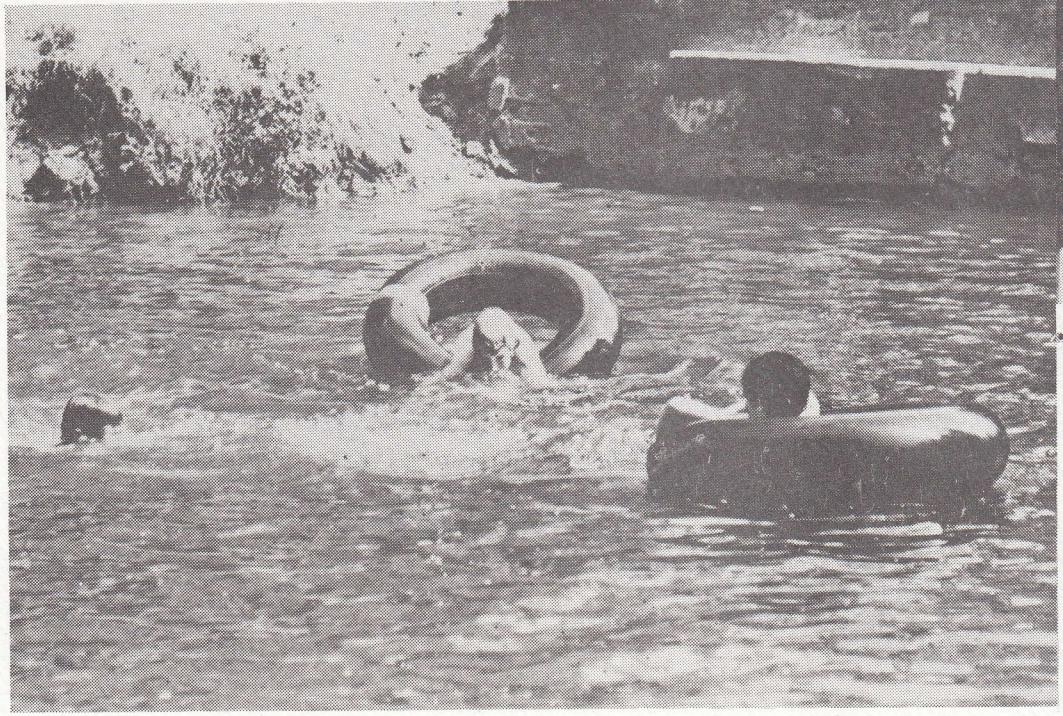
I came to this camp hoping to play some tennis. Every day I played with Andrea who never seems to miss a shot. One day he asked if I would like to play at Camp Birchwood. I immediately fainted, and when I woke up I said fine.

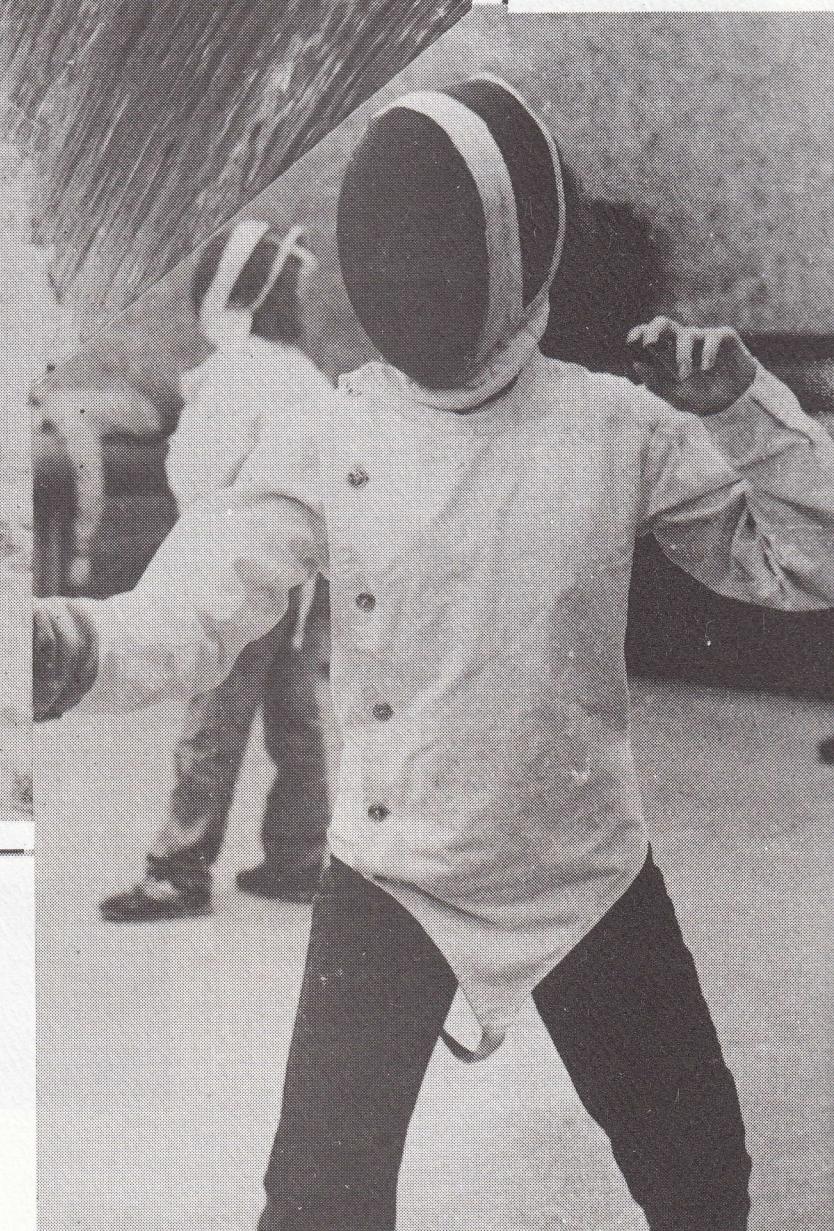
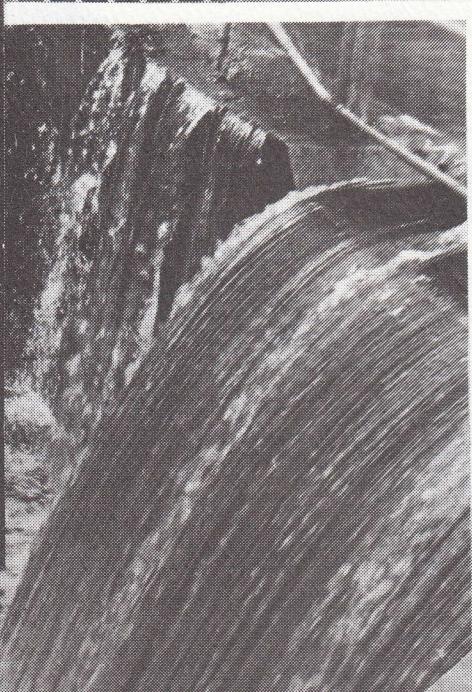
On the day our tennis team was to play Birchwood, I got myself all psyched to beat my opponent. I was a little worried when Andrea told me that I was to play varsity singles - meaning the best player in Birchwood. Once at Birchwood I saw the gorilla I was to play against. I almost died. He was six feet tall, sixteen years old, and a ranked player. I really became worried when everyone from Birchwood smiled and wished me luck.

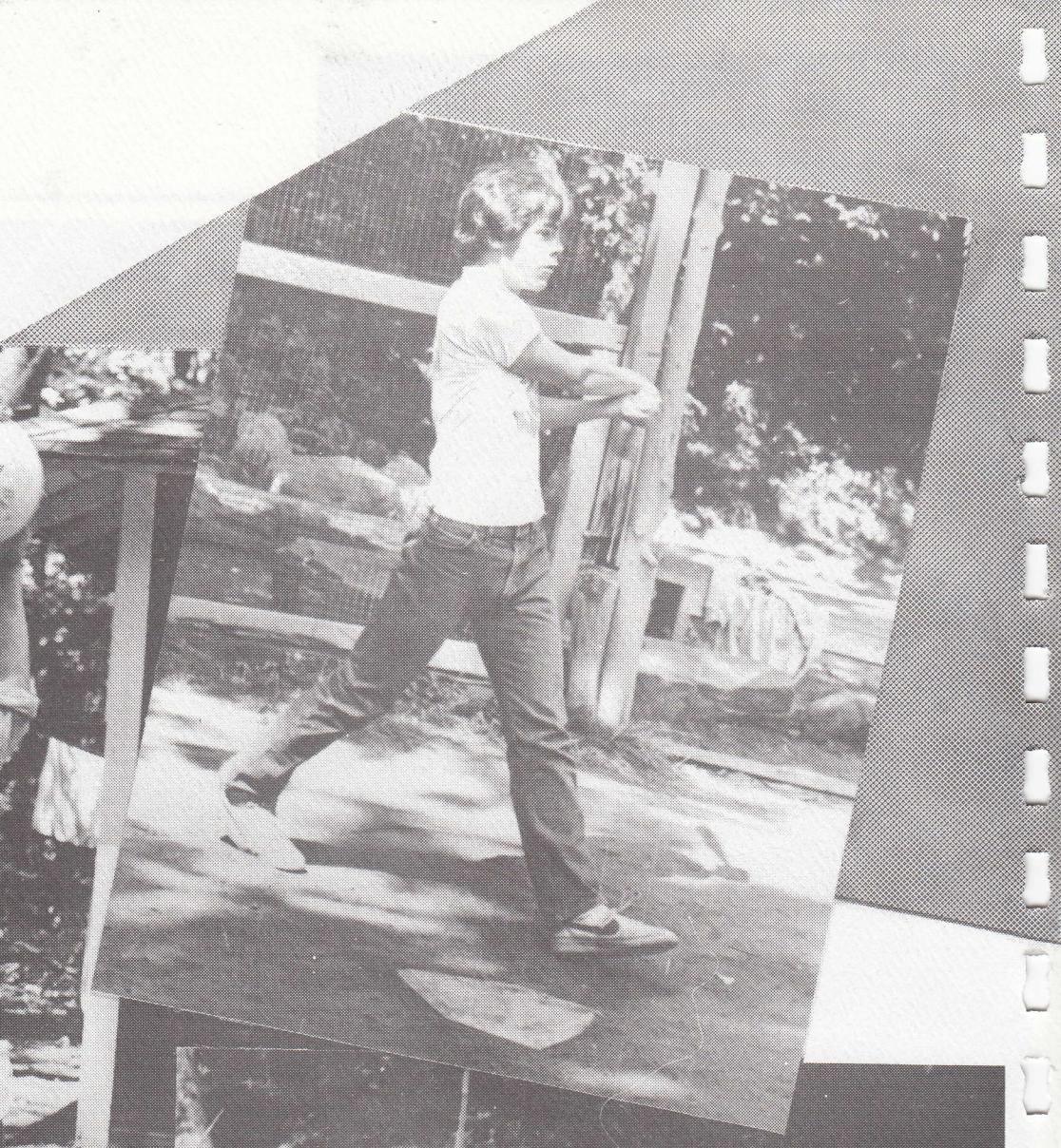
By the time my match started it was late and dark, and I could hardly see. Their lighting was terrible. Even though I had a feeling I was going to lose, I decided to try my best. I really concentrated, not only on my shots, but on his weaknesses. When I play I have to be aware of everything that is going on: my raquet making contact with the ball, my foot work, my opponents playing, just a general awareness. It is very important for me to think when I play. I decided to hit only to his backhand but my strategy didn't work for very long. His serve was amazing. I couldn't even touch his first serve, but he often missed it and his second serve wasn't too good. Hard as I tried, he kept winning until it was 7-0 in the 8-game match. It was my serve and I pulled myself together, concentrated and played the best I ever did. And I won the game! Stupidly I lost my concentration after that game because I had won. Then it was his serve and he got every first serve in. I actually managed to return one of them, which I thought was pretty good. Even that didn't help me very much. He won the game and the match was over. What got me mad was the final handshake and "nice game" which neither of us meant. I consoled myself at Carvel later with the fact that in two years when I would be his age I could beat him easily.

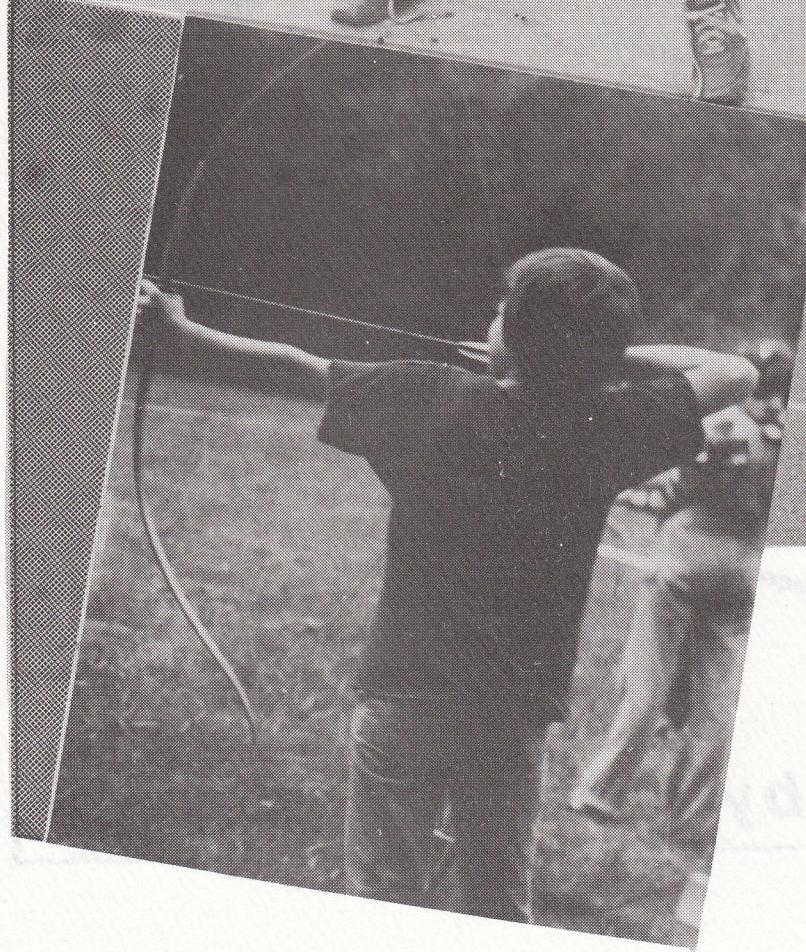
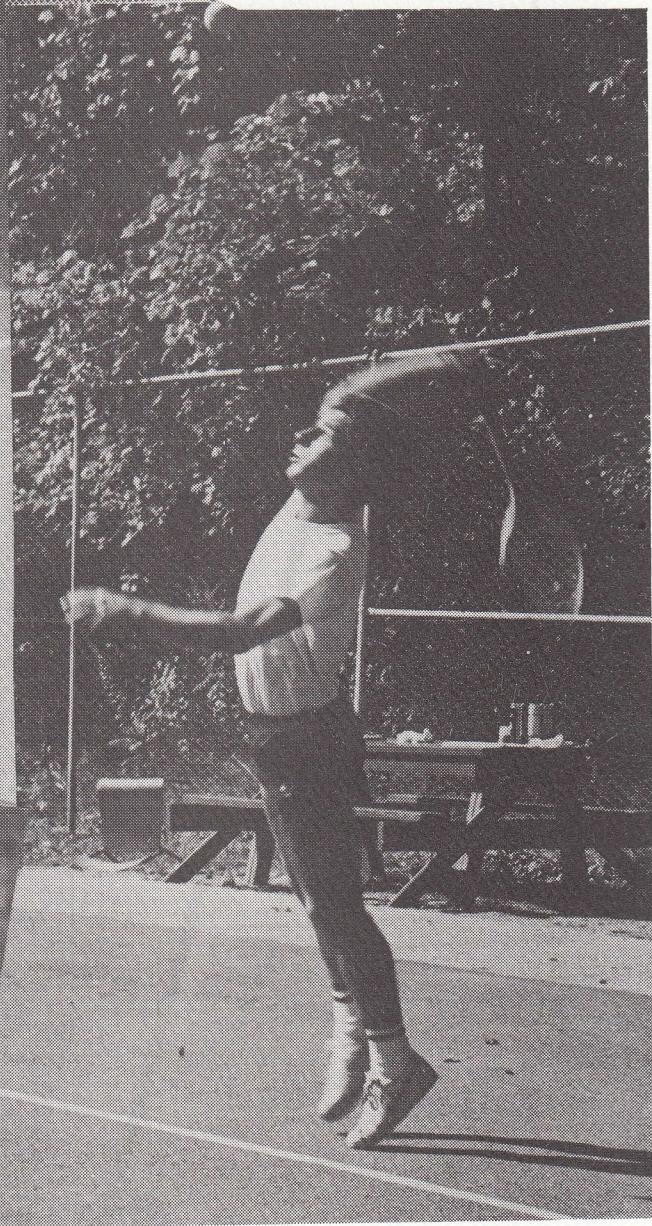
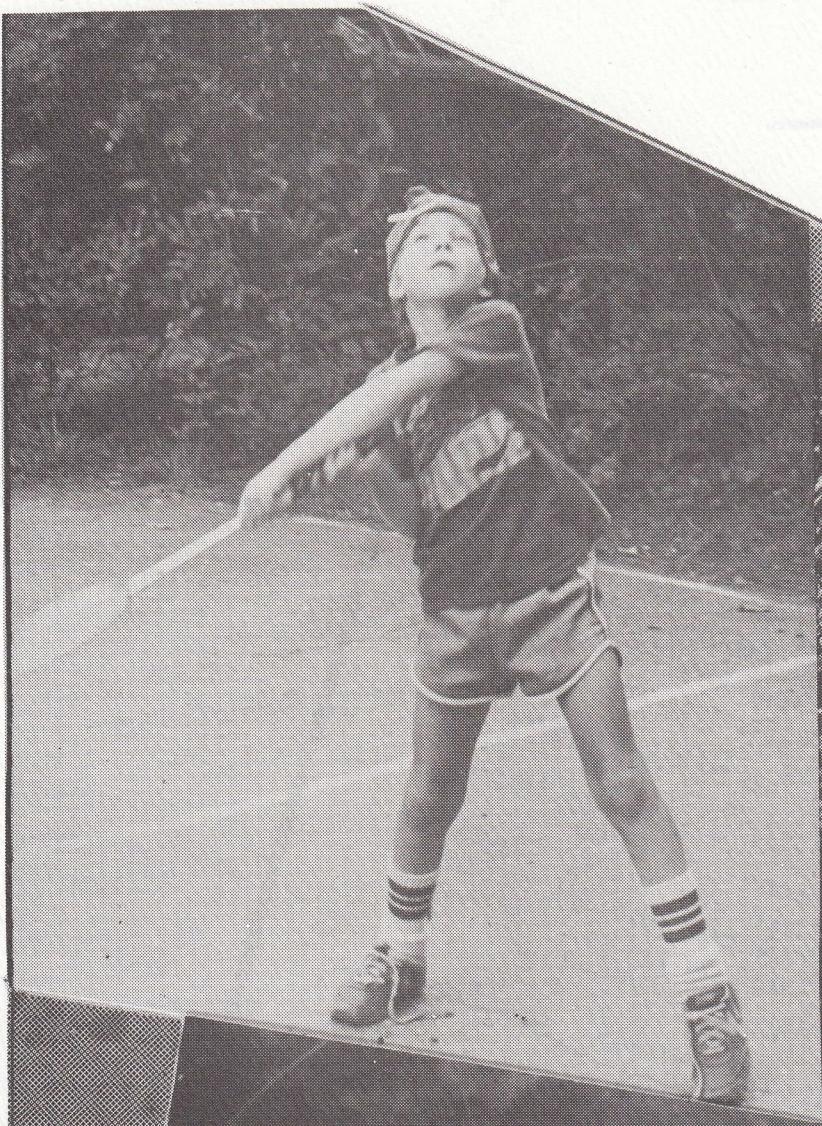
David Jadow











P.S.

I hate
long goodbyes, littered
with sudden reality,
tears melted ice, storm
rises and falls.
Melodrama is like a kiss
on a cut- what should heal
only intensifies the pain.

Sometimes
I don't want to say goodbye,
to face the probability
of choked words- it's so hard
to see someone you know
drowning this way, red, fishlike.
Your last images should reflect
sunlight, but instead
it's a rush of glass.

Soft, diffuse words, meaningless.
I wish that we
could only touch, not hide
like bad poets in a refuge
of starlight.

I hate long goodbyes,
slow agony. Those strained moments,
tight silence. I want
to cry out, "Stop!"
But it's always the same. Tears
fall broken-glass on me
and shatter the dream.

by jennifer fleissner

Soliloquy

Early Evening,
Sun setting
Over the bunks
through the trees

Kids sitting
around the lawn
Talking,
Just hanging out

Being together,
wandering around
hand in hand
Arm in Arm

Even in the noise
Lies a special silence.
Serene and tranquil
Nowhere but camp

by Teri Buch

Replay

Its over
We're well into August now.
The time has come
to put a lock on camp
our "wonderland"
for a few months

Then next June
It will reopen again
yet this summer won't return,
We will be off on another path
Another new beginning

As hard as we may wish
for a replay of this summer
we must be content
with a brand new chapter
of camp
And our lives

Even if it's hard to believe now
Thomas Wolfe was right
When he said
"you can't go home again"
Because you never can

The breeze rustles the drying leaves,
a sweet scent flows in the cool air,
and the shadows that fall below me,
Move across the pine needle floor
like a kitten taking its first unsteady steps.

The shapes of darkness tempt me
to join them in the forest
and infinitely share the motions
that they are, and I become.

I am free
and have joined the creatures of the forest,
where I have been invited;
and where I belong.

by Gail Kupferman

Friends and Lovers

Your parents
might tell you,
hey, it's all right if you have a problem,
come and talk to us about it!
But what if you have different views
on important things
like
sex
and drugs?
You can tell mummy and daddy all about problems like
how Steven never calls anymore,
but, what if he
wants to spend the night with you?
Or what if Stacy
has a joint dangling casually
from her hand?
Parents get scared
when you think about trying
sex
and drugs
and don't care about reasoning
unless it's their own
and when it isn't...
trapped.

-Nikki Feist
"Churnin' it out
since 1975"

Released

by Liz Sher

A cool breeze of salt-laced air blew gently across the crowded beach, relieving the many sun worshippers for a moment. It passed quickly, disappearing into the cloudless blue sky, once again making way for the sun's hostile glare.

Maureen shifted uncomfortably on her sandy green towel. Sneaking a glance at Bart, her lover of a tumultuous eight months, she felt a wave of anger crash down upon her. It wasn't that she didn't enjoy the beach, it was just a matter of principle. Her fair, freckled skin was very sensitive to even the smallest dose of the sun's rays, inevitably burning her severely during these excursions. Bart, on the other hand, always came away with a beautifully even, golden-brown tan. She hated his arrogant insistence on whiling away their summer days in this fashion, when he knew as well as she that she would end up in pain.

Casually brushing her reddish-orange hair away from her face, she turned on her side to observe Bart openly. Maureen's stare roamed freely over the lean body. Imagining the way it felt against hers, its tastes and smells, her anger dissipated immediately. She found herself longing to touch him, but was afraid to disturb the steady rise and fall of his chest with her caress. Instinctively she reached over to him, carelessly running her fingers through his burly brown hair. In response, he met the loving gaze of her sparkling brown eyes, which seemed to be forever brooding over the blueness which was rightfully theirs. Although Bart didn't think so, Maureen was convinced that piercing blue eyes were exactly what she needed to transform her into a conventional beauty.

"Hello, there," he said in a deep, sexy voice. Slowly he sat up, and took her into his compelling embrace.

* * *

Later that afternoon, Maureen lay resting quietly on their queen-sized bed while Bart showered. They had just returned from the beach. Maureen was tending towards her sunburn quietly, anxious for Bart to finish up in the bathroom. Laying silently on her side, she stared out the window onto the outskirts of the college campus. They've been sharing this one-bedroom apartment for two months, and despite Bart's tendency to leave his dirty clothes lying about, Maureen was happy with the arrangement.

Moving with care across the smooth wooden floor she went into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. Half-smiling she noticed a bottle of Remy Martin, the same kind of cognac they had shared on their first date, and as she later learned, Bart's favorite.

Leafing through the day's mail Maureen's expression clouded over with anger, frustration and disappointment. She shut her eyes as if to ward off the memory.

It had been a humid, cloudy day about six months ago, constantly threatening rain, but never quite coming through. Maureen remembered the exuberance she felt waking up in Bart's arms. Throwing off the battered up, faded out quilt, she had bounded out of bed like a young child on Christmas morning. After showering she'd dressed and made some coffee. Noticing that the mail had arrived she flipped through it casually until something caught her eye... a telegram! Filled with an uneasy sense of excitement and dread she gently kissed Bart awake.

"Morning, honey," she whispered.

"Wha-what time is it?" Bart mumbled.

"Never mind. There's something I think you should see." Taking the telegram he rubbed his eyes fretfully, and propped himself on one elbow. As his eyes scanned the page Maureen thought she saw his hands trembling, but she could not be sure.

"What is it?" she asked fearfully when she noted that Bart was devoid of any kind of reaction. He handed her the message. It was from the family he'd disowned at sixteen, saying that his father was dying.

"I'm not going to see him," he said tonelessly. Bart got out of bed and pulled on a pair of dirty jeans.

"You should go see him, Bart. He's dying," she pleaded with him. He needs you...he wants to see you. Please go --"

"Shut up!" he demanded. "You run your life and I'll run mine!" Stomping into the kitchen he grabbed a warm bottle of beer. Maureen ran after him.

"Bart, Goddamn you!" she cried. "Forget your damned anger! Can't you ever swallow your pride and forgive someone? Anyone?" He was silent as tears crept into her eyes. She cradled his face in her hands and whispered sadly, "Can't you at least cry?" Grabbing his jacket, Bart pushed her away and, beer in hand, stormed out of the apartment.

The next week a telegram arrived with the news of his father's death. Bart read it silently, crumpled it up, and threw it away.

*

*

*

Maureen sat up, sighed, and took her suitcase out. Slowly, methodically, she packed a few things. Having finished, she knocked on the bathroom door with confidence.

Her thoughts were fuzzed and disoriented, her heart galloped furiously with conviction as Bart answered the door and stepped out of the bathroom.

"Mo --what's going on?" he asked, noticing the suitcase.

"Sit down, Bart." Bart obeyed and sat on the bed, looking puzzled. She didn't look at him for fear her courage would fail her.

"I'm leaving you," she said, silently praying.

"This is a joke, right?" He laughed in a cold, hollow way that made Maureen flinch.

"No, it's not a joke at all." She thought he would try to stop her but he just sat there expressionless. Suddenly Bart's typical Jekyll-Hyde transformation began to take place. No matter how many times she saw this, it frightened her. Warily, she watched and saw the familiar, bubbling fury creep slowly into his expression, eventually commanding his entire visage. He began to breathe heavily, ominously, as he always did.

"Get the hell out of here!" he screamed wildly. "I don't want to see you ever again!" She flew into a panic. Her legs quaked as she rose, knowing it was too late to turn back. Tears nudged her eyes and she whispered a mournful goodbye. She closed the heavy oak door behind her as softly as possible. Dropping her suitcase on the dirty beige carpet in the poorly lit hall, she held her breath and waited.

A half hour passed and dusk set in. Maureen could picture the apartment, with lights off, bathed in the soft orange glow of the sleepy sun. The sound of objects breaking and splintering had ceased, and in its place, Bart began to yell incoherently. Louder and louder came its cries, until quite suddenly, they dissolved into the sounds of savage, wretching sobs.

"Come baaaack!" He pleaded between sobs. "Oh God," he said weakly, "please come back..." She heard him fall clumsily. She fumbled for her keys. Opening the door she rushed to his side through the semi-dark apartment, relieved that he had finally cried.

"I'm here, baby," she said, "I'll always be here."

"I love you, Mo," he whimpered.

She took him in her arms, and he finally released his raging river of tears.

Alligators



Joel Lipner stalked across his room in his red and white striped alligator pajamas. Setting his glasses hastily on his dresser top, he lay down on his alligator bed.

He pulled his green, alligator blanket up over him and turned off his fluorescent-green alligator light. Resting his head on his alligator pillow, he sighed. Another tiring day at the factory. Luckily, he had a vacation next week.

Joel stopped dreaming suddenly. Something had bit him. That was impossible. He must be dreaming, he was doing a lot of that lately. But wait, there it was again. A weird feeling came across him. He could be going crazy. But no, no one had said he was crazy. Right now he was tired and wanted to go to sleep.

* * * * *

Joel walked to work that morning. Now the dream seemed far away to him. He straightened the collar of his alligator shirt, under his alligator sweatshirt.

Here he was. Once again opening the big doors of Izod Lacoste shirts, sweatshirts, socks, pants, shorts, bathing suits; anything you could think of.

* * * * *

The morning passed quite quickly. Strange, it seemed to Joel as he walked into the Izod cafeteria.

Hot dogs again. Another bummer. Well, now there was saurkraut, Joel's favorite.

He sat next to Izod, who, as usual, began to talk on and on about how the company was doing so well and how it always would and how he was so lucky to have such a rare job, (stamping alligators on clothes).

Above Izod's remarks Joel could hear three of the work men talking.

"You know," one of them was saying, "I had the strangest dream last night. It wasn't really a dream, I don't know, but I woke up and something had bit me. It was weird."

"You know, Steve. I had the same thing. Really weird. Probably just a dream!" The second man said. They all started to laugh, the third man joining in.

"Why are they laughing?" Joel asked himself, "This is a serious matter!"

Quickly, Joel left the cafeteria.

* * * * *

That night, he couldn't sleep. It was bothering him. He lay there in bed, his eyes getting bigger and bigger circles by the second. There it was. The bite. Joel lay still, waiting. There it was again. Constant this time.

Joel suddenly lay frozen, staring coldly at the alligator on his pajamas. Joel began to scream, but once he started he couldn't stop. He jumped out of bed and ran from room to room and out of his apartment. Down the stairs and out of the building. Across the streets. Joel could feel them coming closer. Joel met his friends and ran with them and,

...
Joel woke up. It was morning and sun was seeping in through a crack in the window. A million different things were running through his mind all at once. He got out of bed, stretched, and thought about the new day. All a dream. Just a stupid, old dream. Joel laughed. He quietly ate breakfast. The sky was turning a dark grey. A rainy day. Joel walked back into his room. He pulled out a green pair of alligator pants, a white pair of alligator socks, and a blue alligator shirt. Joel put on the pants and socks. He slipped on the alligator shirt, straightened the collar, and buttoned it up. Joel suddenly looked down at his shirt. The alligator was gone.

by Katie Fleissner

Music Shed

Sunshine falls comfortably on the benches,
peacefulness circles the warmth
that seems to come from the rhythmic tapping
of the conductor's baton.
The soft music seems to drift upward to the sky,
and becomes part of the clouds
flying up to the heavens.
The sound of an orchestra
allows you to feel totally alone
but not isolated.

Nature is free there, and so am I.
Soon the logic leaves, to let
the imagination run free.

Nina Lesser

THE TWILIGHT BUNK

By Scott Mann

As you pass through the lavishly decorated lobby (known by outsiders as the "Ceramics Shop") you can tell at once that you are no longer in the realm of normalcy; you are entering...THE TWILIGHT BUNK.

Jeff Coburn: hopeless neurotic, fulfilling his need for luxury by massive relocation of objects. As he slips endlessly through the vortex of odd behavior, he doesn't notice the faces of the staff waiting to catch him in his strange (but often funny) acts.

Beotise, the hotel manager, appears from his little closet-like bedroom in time to greet Jeff entering from the stairs. "Morning, Beotise, don't mind me!" says Jeff.

"What are you doing with that fan? Bring it back, right now!" he bellows.

"But Beotise, it's for you." he says.

"Put it next to my bed! And no more lip!"

"Hey, we got a new fan!" says Dave R. as he forces his way in front of Ken coming up the steps, thereby making him part of the wall.

"Oops, sorry, in a rush, gotta go!" says Dave, incredibly all in one breath, trampling down the stairs, scraping Ken with his fingernails as he goes by on his return trip.

Howie, the local faith healer, prances up the stairs in a regal manner, sporting sandals and socks, repetitively proclaiming himself as the representative of God, able to heal all that are willing to pay for their sins.

"Give me you tired, your poor, your tens and your twenties. Who here can show his true belief in God through open hearts and open wallets?"

Larry jumps out of bed and loads Howie's open palm with seventeen cents in change. "My stereo is on the fritz, I'm afraid it's hopeless," whines Larry uncontrollably.

"Son, nothing is hopeless when you have money," echoed the holy voice.

"But, but, I gave you all that I have," he whimpers, as almost simultaneously a shower of insults and derogatory comments are thrown at him. He slinked off to his bunk never to be heard from again.

Eric looked at Mike in extreme puzzlement and asked, "Why is your face all red, and why are you holding your lips closed?"

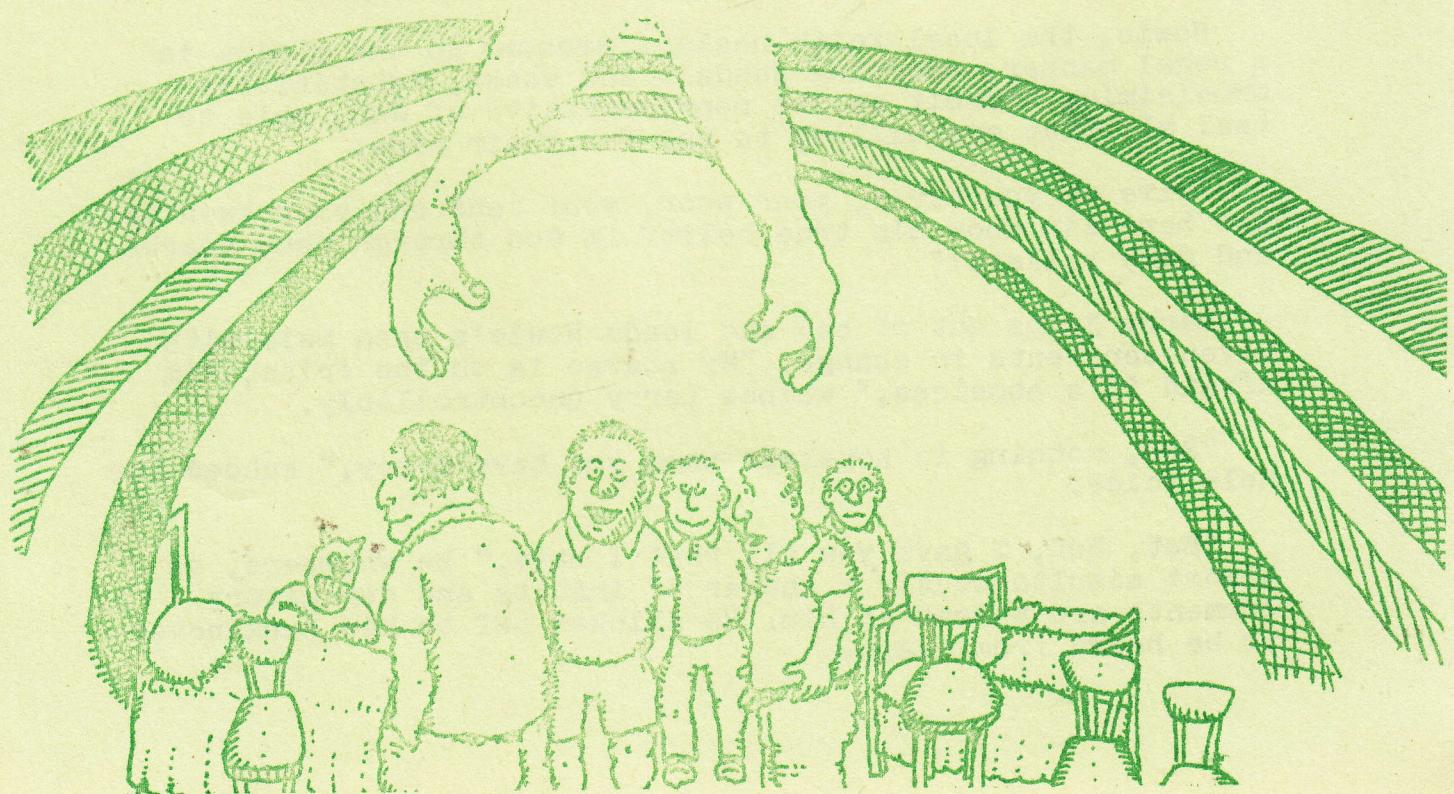
"Ya know, I think you're carrying the idea of keeping things you want to say all to yourself just a little bit too far."

Almost at that same instant Mike uncontrollably screamed "I got a part in the play, I got a part in the play!"

After a few seconds of silence excuses such as "I can't make it that night," and "I'm going to have a headache that day," creep their way out of the mouths of his fellow bunk-mates. Just as Larry had done minutes earlier, Mike vanishes through the blankets into theatrical limbo.

Glenn struts his way through the bunk, with a radio next to his ear, lost in the rhythm of the music. Suddenly, Evan jumps out from behind a dresser and wrestles Glenn to the ground. David M. runs out with a staple gun and staples Glenn's ears to the speakers on his radio. They put Glenn in a remote corner of the Sahara desert to add to his problems. Rumors are later heard that Glenn travels with thirty-five female nomads across the desert singing "God Bless Egypt" through his nose.

What happened to Larry and Mike? Will overactive kids like David R. and Howie ever slow down? And will kids like Ken and Glenn continue to be trampled in the path of their nuttiness? These and other questions can only be answered in....
THE TWILIGHT BUNK.



FEET

I sit here on the floor, seeing nothing but feet, legs. I wonder if legs tell anything about a person: the stance, the shoes. A boy with white-and-blue sneakers just barely missed stepping on my hand. I saw his face when he came in, but I want to pretend I don't know who anybody is.

A girl with dirty feet and leather sandals stands, her pose styled especially for the benefit of the opposite sex: legs slightly crossed, one hip out to the side. Thinking about it, I realize I do that, too. Most girls my age do. God, I hope I don't wiggle my ass.

The girl in white sneakers just moved one leg forward, so that she looks like she's preparing to run the 50-yard dash. I think she must be working hard on whatever she has on the table above my head. Her sneakers aren't Nikes, not Adidas, not even Pumas. I was beginning to drown in status symbols. I guess she doesn't follow trends. I guess I do. If you ask me, I'll claim I bought my Nikes simply because I liked the color.

A boy in dirty black pro-Keds walks to another table. I know only two people with dirty black pro-Keds, and both of them wear the same outfit every day. They aren't dirty, though -- maybe they each have their outfit in triplicate. I wonder if there are people all over the world wearing black pro-Keds and only one getup. I doubt it.

Feet wide apart, a short girl stands near me. Does the stance show determination, frustration, anger, what? Is she just scared of falling down?

The socks of the person in front of me are short and black: businessman. But the shoes are worn, Hush-puppieish, and paired with the socks they influence my verdict to country hick.

The sandals on this boy have allowed his feet to turn almost black. One thing I've noticed about camp: people let themselves go. Boys never wash, girls wear big T-shirts, cut-off shorts. Free from the city, you have to be laid-back, footloose and fancy free. Except the ones who carry their school-year alligators with them. At school the cliques have so much more power. In every class, I find a group of people which I am not a part of. Some of them are my friends, but when they're with their crowd, I resent them. I'm scared of their power, and maybe envious of them. In my crowd we don't exclude people or use numbers as a weapon. At least I think -- I hope -- we don't. Sometimes thinking too much is painful.

Remembering school makes me think what my friend said in her letter: depressing stories about friends changing. Some will soon be former friends. The girl who thinks it's best to "play the field" and the two guys who agree that that's the way to me. We no longer think alike. Or did we ever? So many questions, and I'm not sure I want answers. In a way I wish that I didn't have to go back and face it, that I could just stay here all year and view life through people's feet.

Katy Schneebaum



The work gong rings. You eagerly sprint out of your bunk and head towards the Art Shop. As you pass Pub, you hear the loud rhythmic sound of six Gestetners and an offset press, mixed with the chattering of thirty or so people. A voice: "Wanna correct a stencil?" You run towards the Print Shop.

You enter and look at samples of paper. In the back room you hear such outbursts as "Where the \$%***% is the 'm'?" Over WBBC you hear a constant flow of Beatles music, interrupted only by the voice of a DJ.

Wandering along, you end up at Electronics, where you hear the broken voices of "Hams" over the radio. You walk into the shop and browse the kit advertisements. After seeing the prices, you decide to call your parents before getting into anything.

Next stop: Science Lab. Outside, a large group of people are watching the newly-hatched chicks. They ooh and ahh.

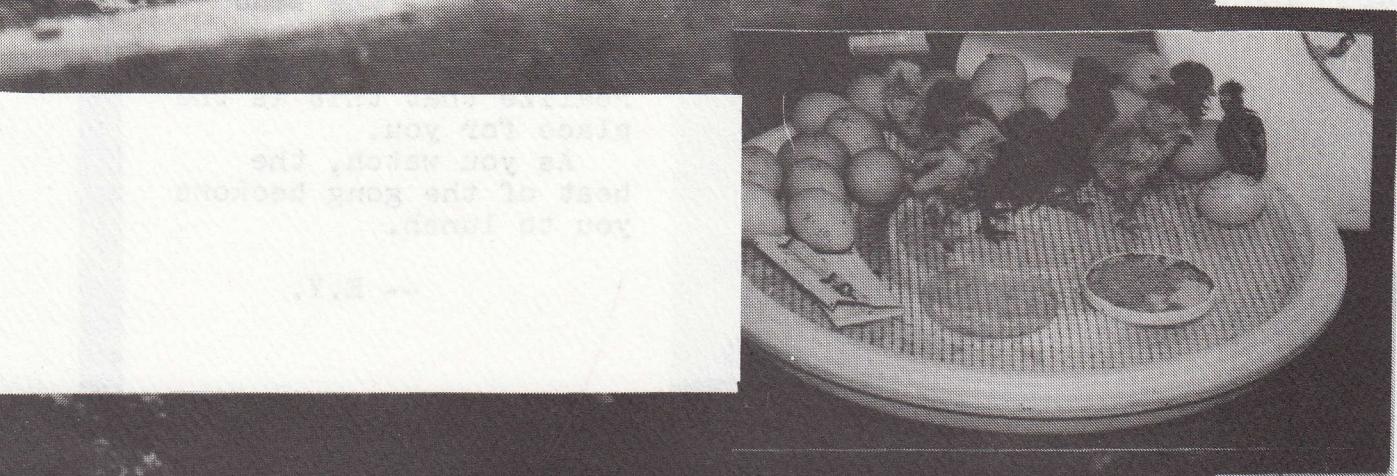
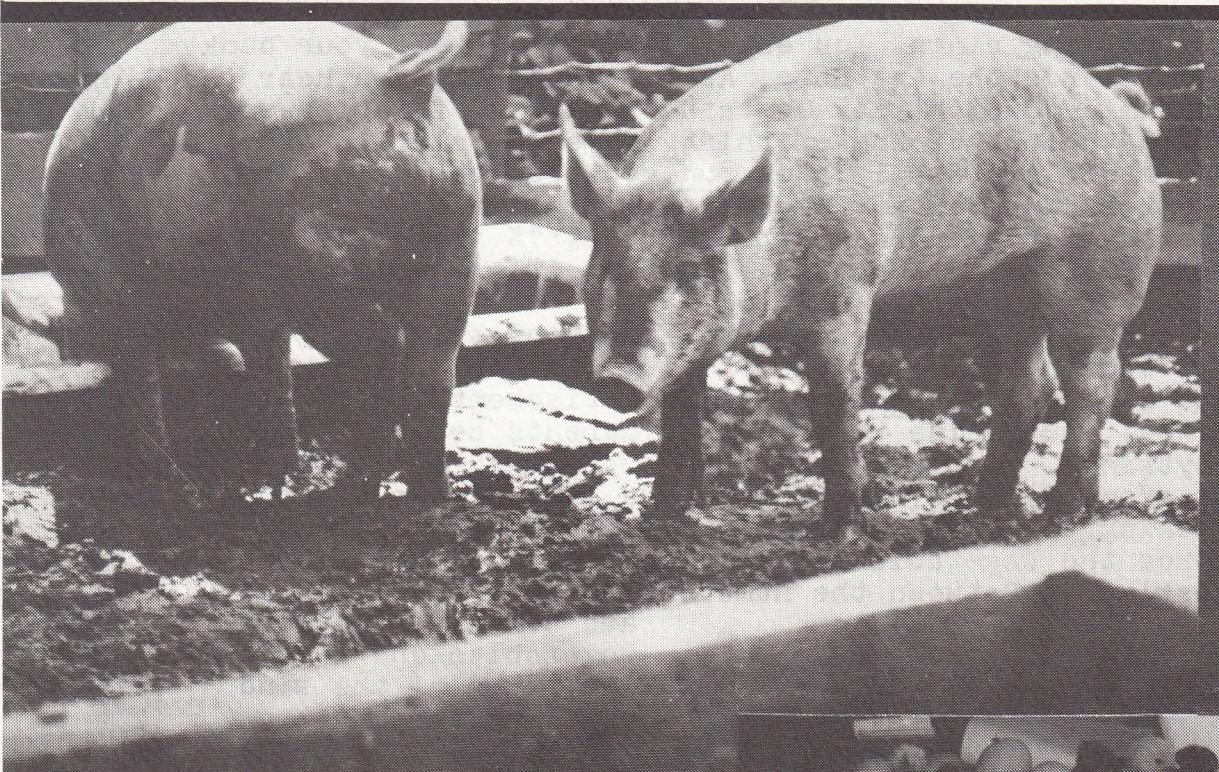
You see the Vegetable farm across the road and walk over to investigate. Between the numerous rows of zucchini, people are bent over picking vegetables and weeding.

The sound of the wind rustling through the corn stalks makes you realize that this is the place for you.

As you watch, the beat of the gong beckons you to lunch.

-- E.Y.





Animal Farm

Every day at 9:00 and again at 5:00 campers who have chosen animals to adopt walk to the other end of camp to feed their animals at the animal farm.

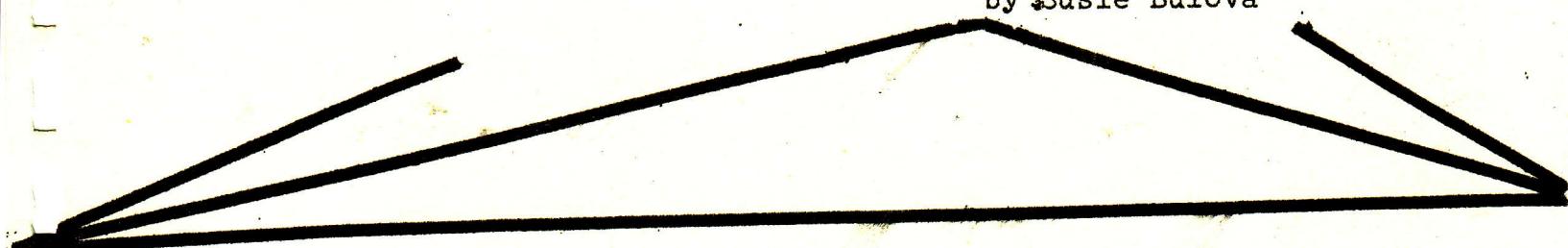
I come up early to the farm to take my calf for a walk down the road and to graze at the stables. I walk her every day in preparation for the animal show and parade which will take place during festival. When I get back to the farm, everyone is running around giving the cows, goats, sheep, ducks, chickens, and rabbits their grain, hay, and fresh water.

Sometimes I help out with the different projects done at the farm. We cemented Duck's Rock, which is a Devil's Tower, to the edge of the Duck Pond. The animal farm also took a trip to a dairy farm, where we saw how they raise calves, and milk cows.

The big event of July, the birth of the calf, happened while half the camp was at Stratford. The calf had a little trouble breaking the water bag, so it had to be broken for her. The calf was named Lightning because of the white streak on her forehead and the bold patch in the shape of a lightning bolt on her back. The other pregnant cow, Dusty, is due around the end of the summer. She is the same cow that gave birth the night before festival last year. Lou had a talk with her and asked her not to give birth so late this year. I hope she listens.

I spend a lot of time up at the farm. When I'm not helping out repairing broken fences, retrieving the escaped coes, or playing musical pens with the animals, I'm talking with the counselors, JCs, CITs, and other campers. Of all the hours I have spent there, none of them have been wasted.

by Susie Bulova





18, NEG

The Buck's Rock Incredible

Edible Veggie Garden -- 1981

If you like hard work, hot sun, lots of bugs and weeds, then the veggie farm is for you. But the veggie farm is really a lot of fun. It has the best food in the camp, and there have been many opportunities to taste it all throughout the summer at the veggie dinners and luncheons organized by the farm counselor, Tina and Lisa.

A veggie stand is open every weekend to sell fresh vegetables to the visitors. The salespeople are eager and willing. They use many admirable sales tactics, such as grabbing your limbs and not letting go until you buy something.

The veggie farm has given many people a chance to learn about farming and working with others.

by Debbie Jones

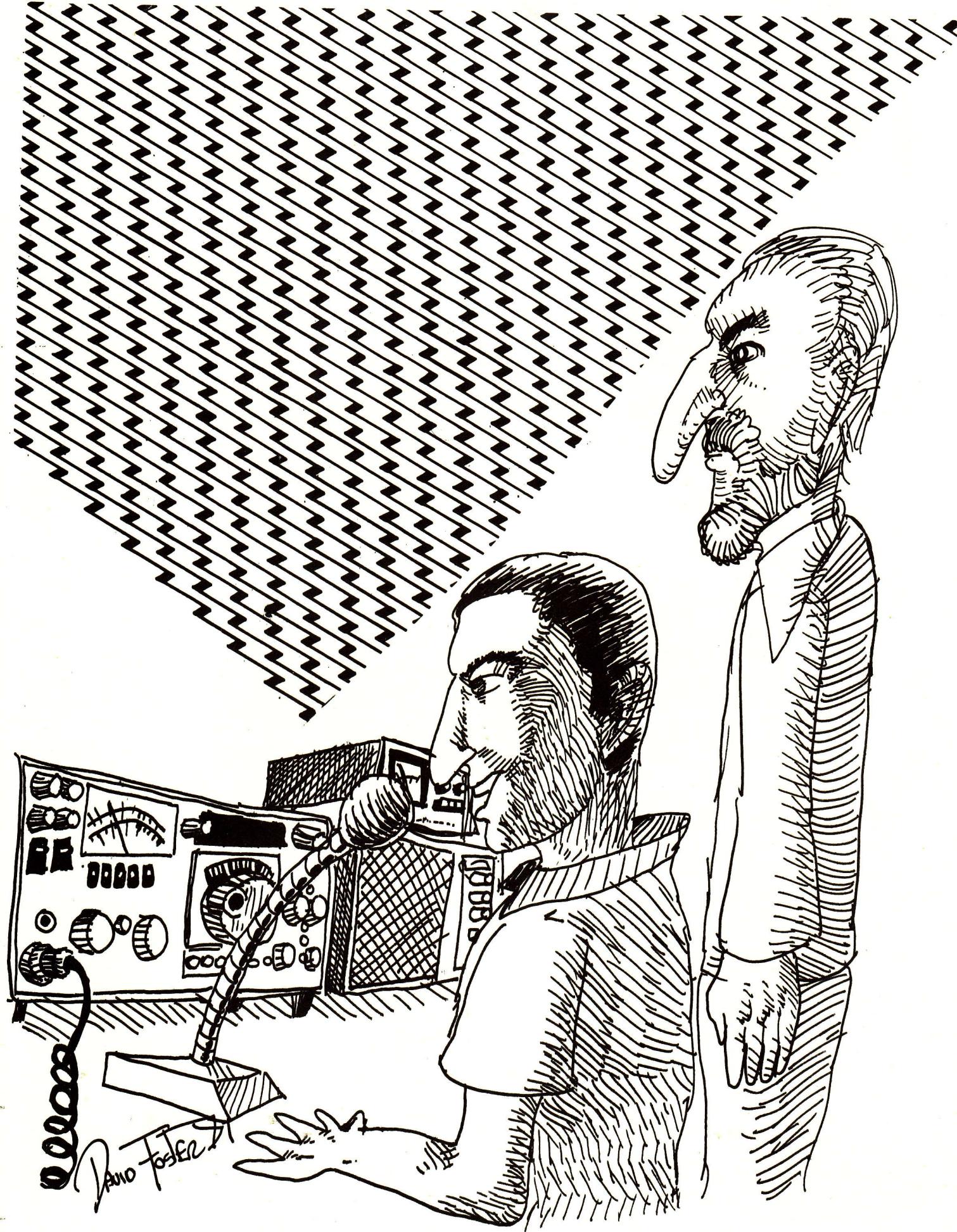
To: Lou and Sybil
From: The Kitchen Staff

by D.K. Ing

Thank you for giving us the opportunity to work at Buck's Rock this summer. This has truly been a rewarding experience. Among the things we have learned are the incredible amount of variations on zucchini. (provided in abundance by the veggie farm). Some of these are:

1. raw zucchini
2. zucchini parmegian
3. zucchini and buttersauce
4. baked zucchini
5. boiled zucchini
6. broiled zucchini
7. poached zucchini
8. fried zucchini
9. zucchini ala king
10. zucchini fettucini
11. zucchini in a half-shell
12. zucchini strøgganoff
13. zucchini cordon bleu
14. brisket of zucchini
15. leg of zucchini
16. zucchini pot pie
17. zucchini l'orange
18. scalloped zucchini
19. Moo Shu zucchini
20. zucchini schnitzel
21. zucchini burgers
22. zucchini alfredo
23. zucchini juice
24. zucchini lorraine
25. zucchini mignon
26. zucchini ala mode

...and once again we ask the question which has been asked so many times this summer--what would the veggie farm do without us?



Dave Foster

K1PGQ



I walked into ham-radio and electronics and immediately noticed Joel Levine, a young, bearded man with the sleaziness (ie, spiritual development) of a much older man. Joel had one outstanding talent, that of storyteller. He would prove this time and time again when the question of work arose. At his side was Keith Prior, token British counselor, a living demonstration of Buck's Rock's "hands across the pond" act. For the first few days, Keith seemed detached from the rest of us, but soon his spiritual development had reached our level.

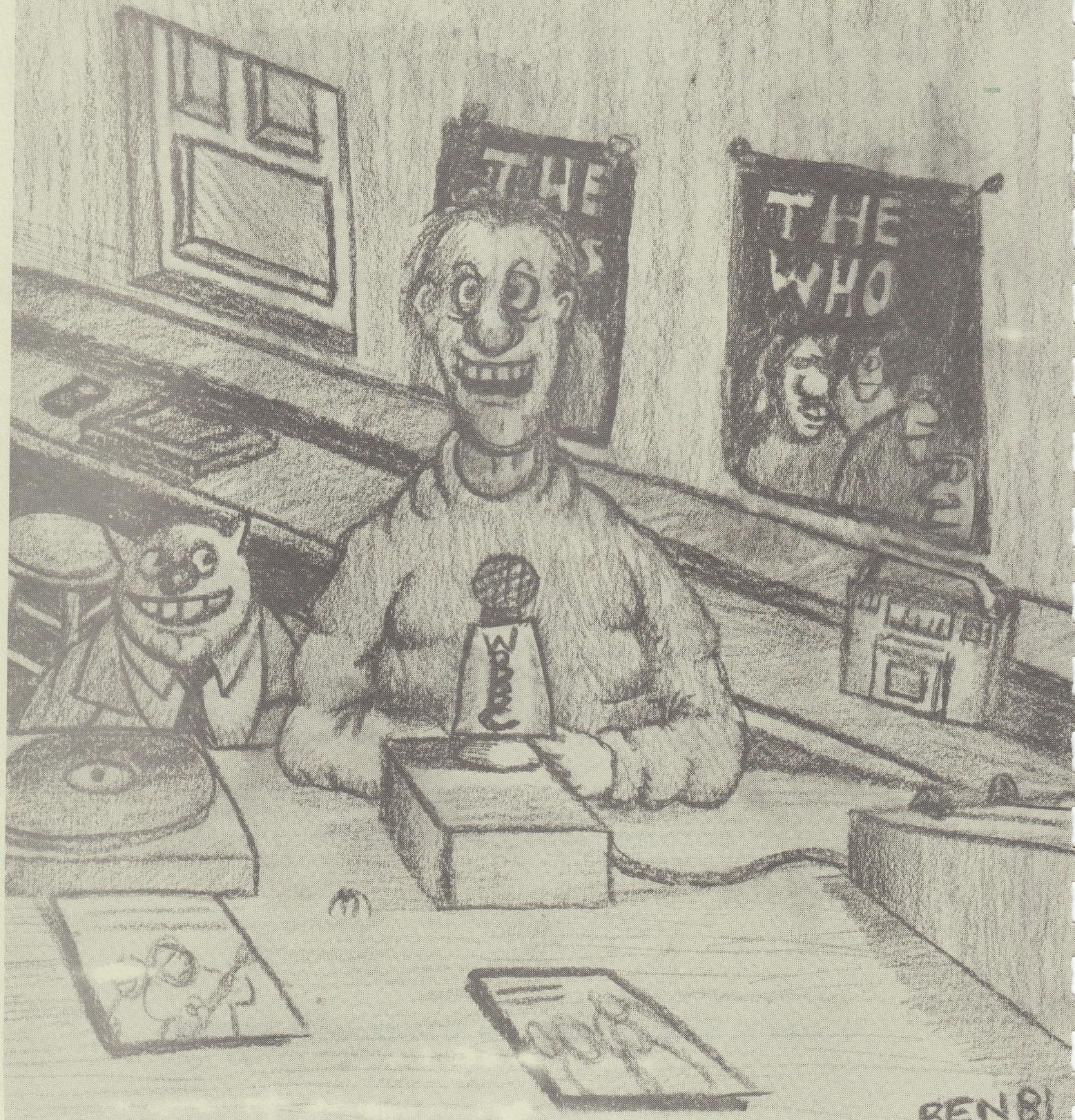
During the summer, the shop had an infrequent visitor, one Charles H. Smith, a man whose personal habits were as incomprehensible as the subject matter he taught. Even though he was only in the shop for three days out of a week, we could conclude from his frequent and lengthy disappearances and his funny walk (to be read as stagger) that Jack was not a dull boy.

During the middle of the summer, our spiritual development reached an all time high when we adopted our pet hobby: rocketry. Our shop never had a quiet moment thereafter. Soon the Buck's Rock "nuclear proliferation club" came into being.

It soon became apparent that the shop needed a technical reference manual and I was not one to deprive a shop of its library. I went to town, to the best bookstore I could find, and bought the new 1981 electronics shop manual. This proved to be an invaluable reference work and many nights were spent with Joel reading the informative literature and looking at the fantastic schematics provided. By the end of the summer, though dog-eared and tattered, it was our most beloved piece of literature.

We did have half a CIT, a CIT in training, ham radios, and a computer, but they proved to be of little consequence to our spiritual development. In conclusion, "We will sell no wine before its time."

by John Q. Amateur WBSXYZ (as told to Jacob Sadowsky)



BENJI

WBBC

WBBC, as we all know, is the radio voice of Buck's Rock. It is run by the campers in almost every aspect, including engineering, producing, writing and announcing. Though a camper institution, counselors Bob Ainsworth, Elizabeth Cosin, and David Rowe, as well as counselor-in-training Jill Bortner, provide a good atmosphere of helpfulness, friendliness and cheer. Anyone is free to plan a radio show of half an hour or an hour, and is likewise encouraged to bring his or her own records and tapes, because the WBBC library of tunes is rather limited.. This summer, WBBC did many talk and music shows, as well as news and a new serial, Days of Destiny. Of course, you probably know all of this already.

One midmorning in early August I wandered up to the Rainbow Area in order to get an idea of what planning and executing a radio show was like. I decided to take my favorite song from each group, but I found only three albums that I could use.. At that moment, Bob Ainsworth mentioned that there was a radio show in progress and that the scheduled host could not make it, so here was my chance to break into the wonderful world of broadcasting. I announced the songs, breaking up the blank spaces with frequent time checks: "and for all you folks out there listening in Rejakvik, Iceland, the time is..." and pertinent news blurbs: "Ban-Sadr still in hiding... Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer wed..." I was surrounded on three sides by glass. The studio was quiet, except for the sound of music, and I could see the woods outside, through the window on my right. I could also see the technician on the other side of the glass.. He was quietly going about his business, waiting for the signal to pause between tracks for me to deliver news or a time check. On my left was a window that showed me the outer sanctum of the station and the outdoors again. I felt as if I was outdoors rather than indoors, surrounded by woods. When I was finished, I signed off for the afternoon.. It was a good feeling to spontaneously take over like that, and I liked the feeling of being heard. I look forward to my own radio show, but.... I really haven't planned it out yet.

- Peter A. Daniel

Days of the By Pam Kerren

NARRATOR: In the last episode, July 26 rolled around and at least one third of the cast left for their summer homes in Cape Cod or air conditioned apartments back in the city. The little town of BBC is in a frenzy, as Vanessa and Pam have not yet bothered to recast. Taping was supposed to have started 20 minutes ago. We now go to the grey-white picnic table, where hysteria has set in.

GLENN: If you don't find Eric Daniel, Chief Lanford, Margaret Ray, and the bartender, within 5 minutes, Howard will read all the roles.

VANESSA (distressed): No Horace, you can't leave me for another woman. I won't let you.

PAM: Vanessa, where the hell is Paul Zeichner?

RAY: Felicia, I don't love you anymore. I haven't loved you for fifteen years.

VANESSA: Paul is eating dinner. I told him he could go.

BOB: But he has a scene now.

HOWARD: Eudora, I have a surprise for you (evil laugh).

PAM: That was stupid. Go get Paul.

NIKKI: Don't tell me you made dinner. That's terribly out of character for you, Deforest.

VANESSA: Pam, come with me.

GLENN: We still need Anne and someone to play Lanford.

VANESSA: Horace, I'll kill myself if you leave me.

PAM: Let's draft Danny Pinchbeck.

KATY: Why isn't Hennessy in the script?

RAY: I don't believe you, Felicia.

VANESSA (slowly): I'm going to kill myself. (horrible scream)

PUBBIES by Nikki Feist

Throughout the school year my friends told me how good Buck's Rock would be, but especially how fantastic one certain shop was.

I didn't know it then, but my friends were really Pubbies, disguised as normal kids..

The first day I got to camp, one of my friends, a Pubbie (in sheep's clothing) showed me around camp.

Science Lab-whiz, Rec Hall-whiz, gong, canteen, our bunk, ceramics, whiz, whiz, whiz, whiz.

Then we rounded a corner, and we were at ---THE PUBLIC-
ATIONS SHOP!!!

Pubbies are a strange breed. They can function in normal society, but they need a Pub-Fix, that is, exposure to a Pub Shop, or Pubbies, at least once a year so they can build up layers of memories to tide them over until the next fix.

The first day Pub was open, as soon as breakfast was over, I found myself alone.

My friends' last words to me? "We'll be in Pub."

So after a minute or two of feeling dumb, I went over to the Pub Shop.

I had been sitting down for two seconds when a girl came out clutching a long black sheet.

"Anyone want to correct a stencil?"

I volunteered.

The girl set me up at a lit box, attached the stencil, gave me my Gestetner fluid, and told me to get to work.

Thus my first action as a green fledgeling Pubbie was to screw up a perfectly good stencil.

Now I am almost as hooked as my friends.

Hey, remember when..."

Publications

"My most memorable moment was when the present building was opened, there was a ribbon cutting ceremony and the building was christened with a bottle of champagne," said Lou Simon about his Pub shop days.

When Lou first came to Buck's Rock as a Pub counselor in 1959, the Pub Shop was located in the front part of the Print Shop. Into that cramped and congested cubicle were two Gestetners and one-fourth the number of the current Pub staff. Creative writing classes had to be held outside. Despite this lack of space, the Pub Shop put out six issues of a camp newspaper, a literary magazine, and the yearbook. Another major difference was that the Pub Shop housed folk music and at least one Pub counselor played the guitar.

Then a new building for Pub with a statue of a lion to go in front was built. It was also to contain a library. However, when it was finished, the building became the Fabric Design Shop. Then, in 1964, Lou went to Ernst and requested a new Pub building. They both agreed it should be in the center of camp. The building intended for weaving and silkscreening became the new and more spacious Pub Shop. From very modest beginnings, the Pub Shop has grown to include 7 gestetners, a Font machine, an offset press, and a binding machine. Using this equipment, the shop produced three literary magazines, three newspapers, a yearbook, and a directory, along with many other publications dealing with camp activities and events.

Ernest expressed the importance of writing here: "The Pub is in some ways the brain center of camp. It's the place for counselors and campers to express their feeling and emotions about Buck's Rock."

by James Eichner

The majestic Pub Shop stood
long and lean on the outskirts
of the dreaded Sculpture Shop
it's hallowed doors are the creamy skin of my love
it's many glowing Gestetners
ruby red
and when we do not write
in the faded maroon benches
it is limpid

Nikki Feist

PUB SHOP TRIP

Free Association by Vanessa Moss

Ice-cream dripping. Lick it. Delicious. Feel oddly sorry for the people who own that food place—the boy an awkward bumbkin, the woman worried and frowning. Is it right to look down on people who don't live in New York? What if I'd been born in Minoqua or New Milford or something? Probably I wouldn't wear so much purple eye shadow. (Is this a fair assumption? Maybe in Minoqua people are born with purple eyelids--how should I know?)

Lake Waramug is really pretty, but I liked Kent Falls much more. Something exhilarating about swirling white water that cascades over sharp dangerous rocks. The only mildly dangerous thing here is the little kids who are always splashing.

Ice cream melting.

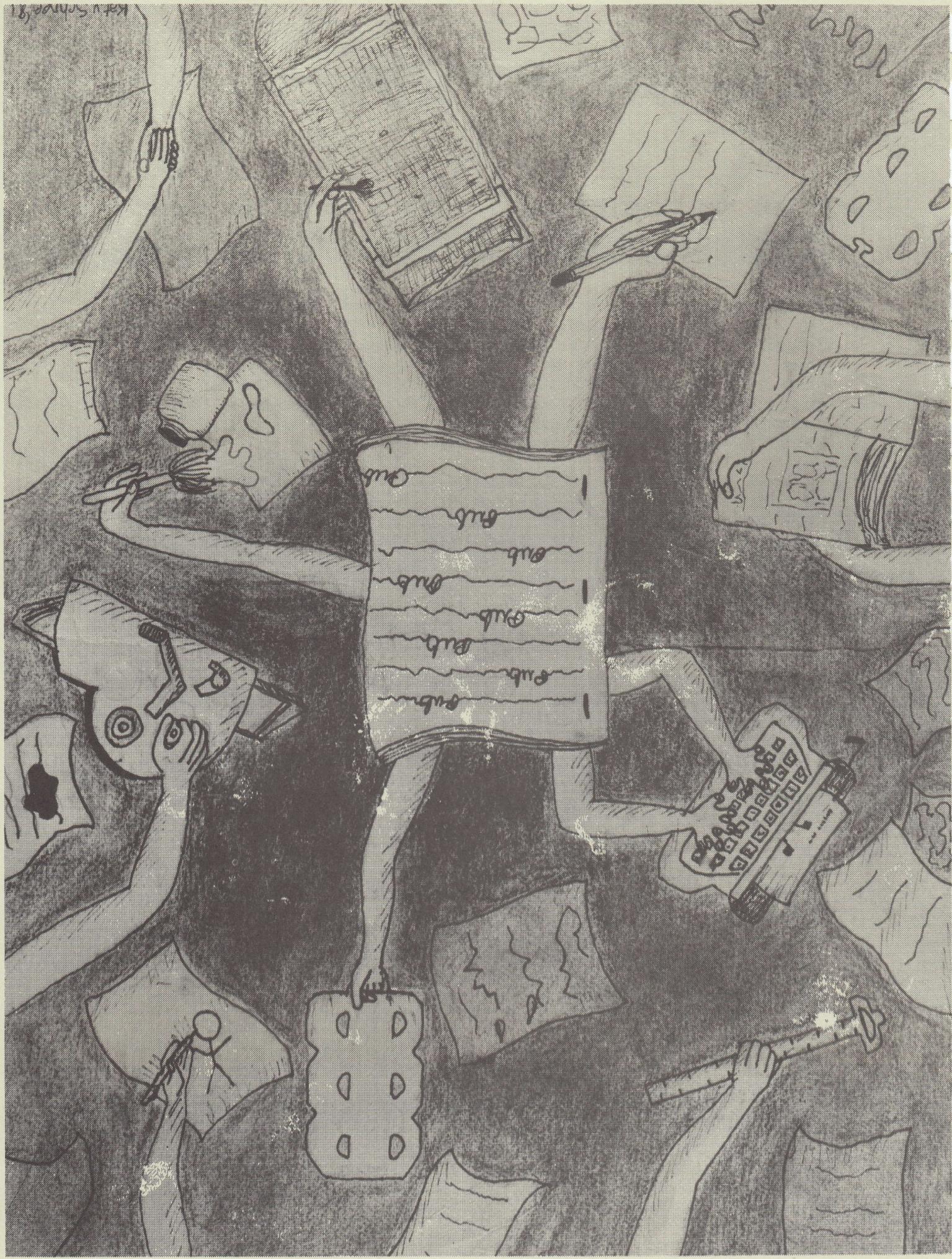
Birds screeching overhead.

There's Peter, wandering around aimlessly. Is he wearing those same jeans? Maybe he feels secure in them. Awkward grin quirking at the corners of the long, thin mouth.

Beyond him, the beautiful deep green water. Three geese, poised at the edge of the lake—three others, squabbling over food. Such dignity in the first three—is it possible that profound thoughts are running through their heads?

Peter is intruding on their peace. He glances at us—is he wishing to write also? I'm glad I did, though I wasn't planning to. Felt too lazy to pick up a pen, even my newest Big #P.M.

Birds still screeching. Somehow it's pleasant.. Humans are so often clumsy in their speech—one gets the feeling the birds are coming right to the point.



Free Association at Lake Waramaugh

by Daniel Pinchbeck

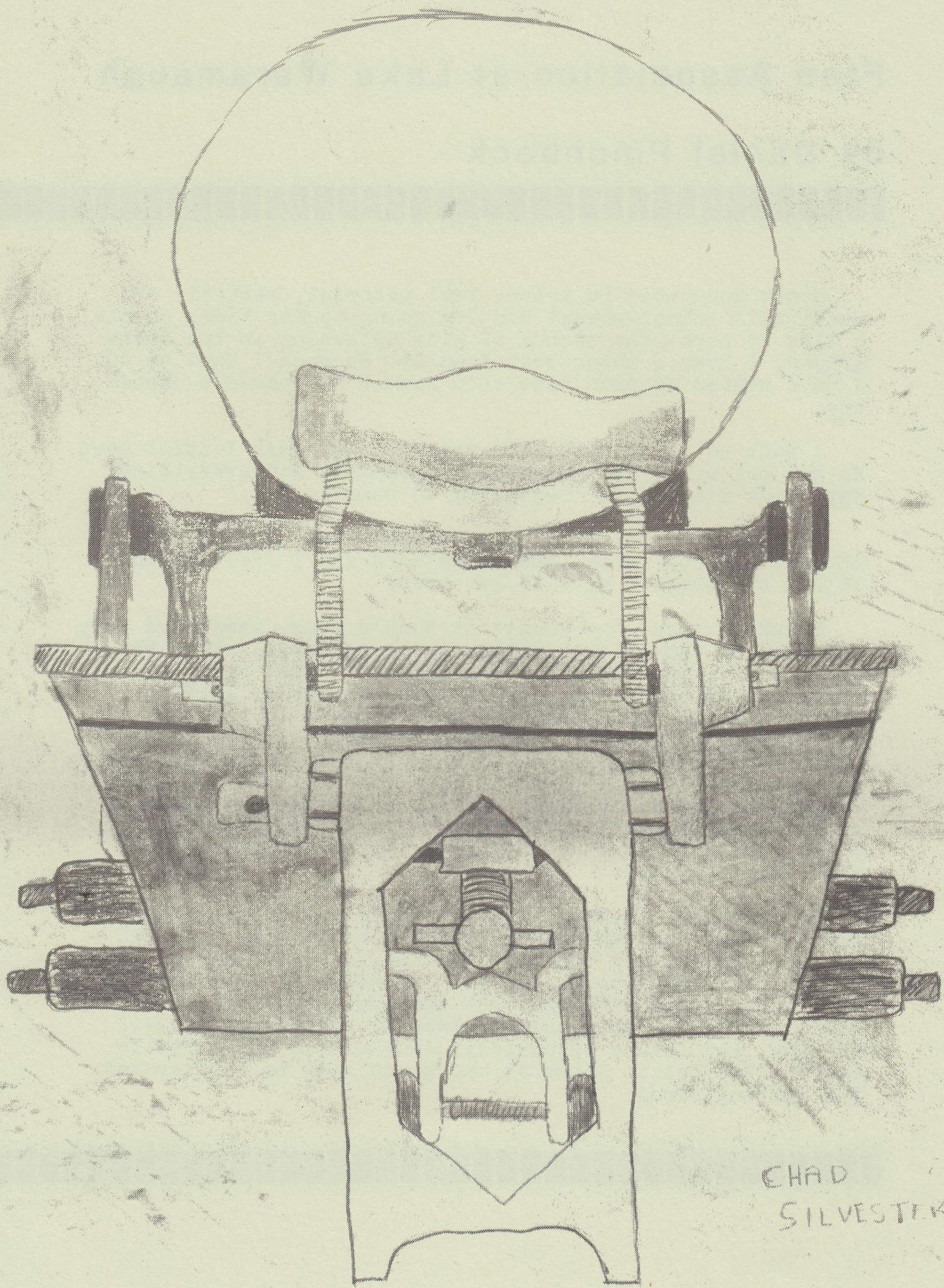
Don't know what to write, feel peaceful, restful. One month till school--less? God I'm going to miss these people. I like it here--the sounds of kids splashing in the background, I hear a motor boat zoom by. So much I want to do. I have wasted so much time this summer but haven't wasted any.

I want to think about old memories--so much I still need to get out of my system--about Blythedale and everything. Maybe now I'm finally beginning to unwind.

I don't like this. It takes me ages usually to get a thought down on paper, one wrong word and I feel beaten. It's a bad block I have to get over.

Thinking about the people at Buck's Rock, sometimes they all seem so bad--Alex Liebling no longer small sweet kid, has been forced to fight out a battle I think he's losing, maybe losing himself in the shuffle. Everybody getting sucked into the same traps to some degree: 13 year old girls watching baseball saying ridiculous obscene things about some jock and me not knowing whether to laugh or shout at them--could try to explain that it's all the same, that everything you do is right but not hiding behind masks of greyness--besides, it's hard to believe myself sometimes, I feel the lure of that void, too. Maybe there's never a real escape anyway.

So many coincidences at B.R. People I knew five years ago but lost through the endless twists of time. One kid used to live across the hall from me--everyone barely inches away from everyone else. Sometimes it seems more than luck. And Nostradamus how can logic be made out of his '1700' sign, how could he know, I wonder how it felt to KNOW the future absolutely. And he said the world to end in 1999 but it looks as though it will be earlier and I'm getting tired.



CHAD
SILVESTER

Print Shop Article

Q: In what shop can you find enough slugs to fill 2 drawers?

A: The one and only, Buck's Rock's very own ---

T H E P R I N T S H O P ! ! !

During this past summer, I've used the Print Shop to make myself some original, professional quality informals and a personalized pad. Although there are rarely more than 7 campers at a time (because of limited space), I found the Print Shop to be a busy and sometimes quite hectic place. Despite the shop's constant activity, Eric, Irwin, and Lorraine, the Print Shop counselors, always found time to help me with any problems I ran into, such as first learning how to set type or even answering the question, "Where are the rags for cleaning my press?"

An unforgettable (and certainly NOT pleasant) event occurred while I was once printing. My friend was putting away his type and slugs, when suddenly, -- B A S H !!!! I was afraid to look. A dead silence fell over the Print Shop, and when I finally forced myself to turn around and look, I saw the nightmare of any printer come to reality-- The whole drawer of slugs had fallen from his grip and scattered all over the floor. Since I was in the shop at the time, I was asked to be one of the 'lucky' few to help replace the seemingly infinite number of slugs. (A full one hour job even when there were three of us!!) Ever since that traumatic event, I cross my fingers every time a fellow printer opens that cursed slug drawer.

The print shop has a few assets of its own. First, it's the only shop in Buck's Rock with 2 WBBC speakers. (So I can hear my favorite show, "Ancient Rock Formations with Robbie and the Greasers"). Secondly, only the Print Shop can invite its good-willed printers to a 'slug party', which we later discovered was a gathering of fellow printers to -- you guessed it -- clean out the other slug drawer. Lastly, if you're one who is paranoid of accidents, the Print Shop is a place you will find free of any hazards. (Unless you intentionally use your hand as stationery, or you decide to guide your hand through the 'raising machine', a machine that uses extreme heat and a special powder to raise print on paper).

During the summer of '82 I think all campers should print at least one project in the Print Shop, and I'm sure it will prove to be a rewarding experience. It certainly was for me.

by Robert Kuropatwa

The Print Shop:

An Outsider's View

Although I never actually went into the print shop I did seriously consider it several times. Well, maybe not seriously but I did consider it. So when Pub needed someone to write the print shop article (and none of the printers were interested) I was the most qualified person they could find.

I decided I needed to learn more before I wrote my article so I boldly marched into the shop--only to be immediately thrown out by one of the counselors--it seemed they had some arcane rule about signing up--what nonsense!

Anyway, I was forced to make my observations through a back window. The back room was large and dusty, cluttered by several strange old fashioned machines that seemed to have no purpose at all as far as I could see. Kids worked intently all around the room especially at the cabinet on the far wall (this cabinet might be filled with different type faces), as for the kids I can only speculate on what they were doing.

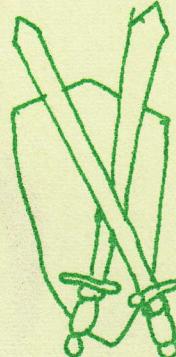
On the other side of the room there was a desk and above it, a shelf, on the shelf were kept the inks and on the desk were several differently shaped wooden blocks which the kids would occasionally grab and use for some purpose totally beyond me.

Well, that's about all I can say about the print shop, although stationery and other nice stuff comes out of there I have no idea how it gets made. Someday, maybe, someone from the print shop will explain this mysterious process but until then we can only wonder.



Daniel Pinchbeck

CHESS SHOP



Dear Bobby,

My move for this week:
43 PxQ checkmate!



Not bad, eh? Learned that move at the chess shop in camp.
Bet you didn't think I could do it, did you?

This year I've been having a lot of fun at camp. In pottery I made a crooked pot and in silkscreen I put my foot through a screen, in glass I inhaled by mistake and visited the hospital. Besides that I've learned a lot about chess from Rich Biegen the chess counselor. I've learned end game and middle game theory plus a bunch of openings including the Ruy Lopez, the Evan's Gambit, the Queen's Gambit and the Advanced Procrastination.

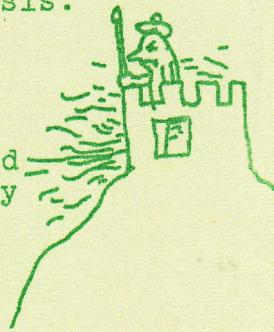
The Chess Shop meets usually at the Boy's House Upstairs; we play games (speed chess or regular) against Rich or each other or go through theories and analysis. Although the sounds of the Boy's House kids or the Talking Heads occasionally make it hard to think, on the whole it's educational and free.

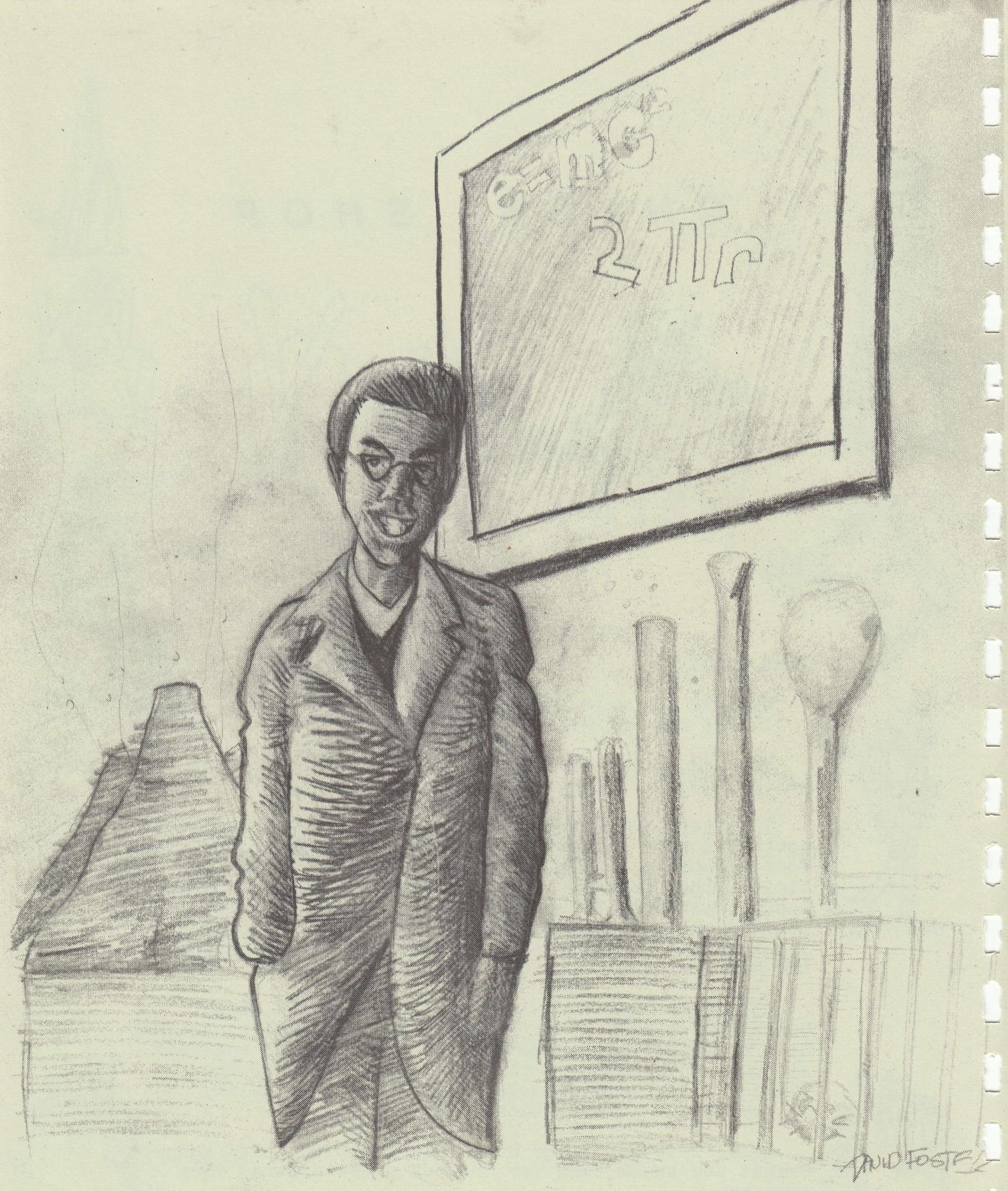
Well, I've got to go now. Say hello to Luigi and Brenda and thank them for the cut glass ashtray they sent me.



Yours Truly,

Daniel Pinchbeck





There were many other biological happenings in the lab this year. On Sunday, August 2nd, I watched the captured snake give birth to sixteen baby snakes. Our fish gave birth earlier this year. Once again, the Zoo Bus became the home of campers small pets. I got to see these animals when I sat next to the Zoo Bus air conditioner on a hot day. On a less lively note, I dissected many animals, from sharks to rats, and learned some vertebrate anatomy while I was slashing away.

We did not limit ourselves to the study of life at the lab. It was rather interesting to use the process of chromatography to analyze the coating of M & M candies. I also used the chemistry lab for glass bend sculpture, which will help me in future Chem Labs. The chemical closet was the source of the explosives which set off the volcanoes on Independence Day. I worked several days building the volcanoes from dirt, flour and chicken wire.

When the Science Lab took its act outdoors, I followed. Duncan guided me on a bridwatching tour along Buck's Rock Road. Trailblazing hikes were organized to tame the unexplored dangers of Buck's Rock. I also went down to the river on which the waterhole is located to collect specimens for study.

I must not forget the Star Gazing Sessions, which were held after the Put-To-Bed gong behind the vegetable farm. During these sessions, I had the opportunity to see a partial lunar eclipse, the Perseids Meteors, and thousands of stars. These sessions offered me the time to lie back and think about life, man's insignificance, and the shops I should go to the next day. I rarely ever spoke much about astronomy while I was there, but I knew what I was doing out there.

Although we didn't reach for the stars, this years model rocketry program was a success. The program was launched by Jorden Weiss and his bright idea brought several people to the lab. When launching these rockets, I was watching laws of physics in action, even though I didn't think much about these laws. Incidentally, my rocket went over the Summer Theatre and was never seen again.

The rocketry program underlines my idea of what a summer science program should be about. Instead of learning theoretical science, I saw science in action, which is what science is all about.



Yes! There is a science lab in Buck's Rock! Those who took the back-breaking walk to our small shack near the infirmary found a building exploding with life. This year's powerhouse was led by Agnes Seidler, a chemistry and physics teacher who headed last year's lab. Duncan MacNiven, a biology teacher from Britain also played a pivotal role in this years activities. They were both pleasant to work with and informative.

Agnes also masterminded this year's pet project. On July 6, fifty chick eggs arrived in the lab. For the next three weeks, I saw prospective owners regularly turn their eggs. By change-over day, I had seen seven chicks hatch. It was fascinating to watch the chicks pop out of their eggs. The live hatchings were much more interesting than textbook pictures or science movies. The chicks are doing well in the coop, which was built in the Woodshop after several hours of labor.

By Michael Tschannen



